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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Present State of Colombia. By an OFFICER, late in the Colombian Service. 8vo. pp. 336. London, 1827. Murray. So new a feature in the political face of the world as the independence of the South American States has necessarily caused much of individual and national attention to be paid to their resources, their jurisprudence, and to their farther holding that rank among nations, to which their spirited exertions for freedom have so lately exalted them. Nor in a commercial sense have they been overlooked: the many advantages to be derived from their local situation and internal consumption, have excited European interest, and, combined with their warlike position, have turned on them the eyes of every neighbouring and distant power, and have aroused the trading enterprise of those states, whose aim and end is to increase their commerce by the opening of an advantageous and lucrative market for their goods. With this knowledge, many have embarked in stupendous speculations, and although considerable success has attended some, others have failed, more from the lack of a due experience of the country and its inhabitants than from any want of spirited exertion. A publication combining much knowledge with amusing detail,—a retrospect of actions with a statement of present facts—cannot fail to be desired not only by the politician, the warrior, and the merchant, but by those who, apart from interested motives, love to trace wisdom and delight in possessing it. Such a publication, long wanted, is now presented to the public, and contains not only a succinct account of the present state of Colombia, but narrates the principal events of its revolutionary war, and the expeditions fitted out in England to assist in its emancipation. In exemplifying Colombia's present state, the author embraces its constitution, financial and commercial laws, revenue expenditure, and public debt, agriculture, mines, mining, and other associations; and with the volume is given a map exhibiting the mountains, rivers, departments, and provinces. The first chapter contains a brief though luminous history of the memorable struggle, which at last ended in the discomfiture of European authority and the establishment of a free and independent mode of government. Our author's opening remarks, relative to the olden system of things, when Colombia was under Spanish surveillance, are so correct, that we cannot forbear quoting them:—

'The first settlers in the Spanish colonies were the bold and enterprising adventurers who had achieved the conquest of those countries. Accustomed to the habits of careless-

ness and dissipation, induced by a life of continued hardship and danger, they had neither industry to cultivate the soil, nor patience to await the slow returns of commerce. Incited by the desire of immediate wealth, the precious metals were the only objects of their search, the only stimulants to their activity. The government of Spain, imitating the example of its subjects, and allured by the dazzling prospects of wealth thus suddenly unfolded to its view, claimed a portion of the spoil, and encouraged, by its regulations, the continuance of a system so lucrative to the individuals immediately concerned in it, but so detrimental to the general interests of both the conquerors and the conquered. The whole system of the colonial policy of Spain originated in this spirit, and the restrictions and disabilities under which the colonies so long laboured, were the result of the rapacity and jealousy which it engendered.

'The Spaniards found the inhabitants of the countries they invaded collected in populous cities and considerably advanced in civilization. A mild system of treatment might have converted them into faithful allies, or useful dependents: but, instead of attempting any conciliatory measures, they attacked them without provocation, and sacrificed them without remorse. Those who escaped the sword were made use of as the implements of avarice, with such an unfeeling and prodigal barbarity, that they sank under the hardships imposed upon them, with a rapidity which astonished even their ruthless oppressors. In the islands, not a vestige of the original inhabitants remains: and it is probable that many regions of the continent suffered the same extreme of depopulation, as the insatiable thirst of their new masters for the precious metals subjected them to severer tasks, and labours more destructive to the human frame. Occasional symptoms of remorse were, indeed, exhibited by the Spanish government; and, in the moments of compunction, regulations, dictated by humanity, were framed for the protection of the wretched natives: but in regions so remote from the seat of legislation, these salutary laws became too often ineffectual, when opposed to the interests of the resident oppressor.

'The Spanish government founded its claims to its new possessions on the right of conquest. Equally regardless of their interests and their distresses, it parcelled them out amongst the conquerors; and, eager to make them subservient to the immediate purposes of revenue, claimed a portion of the profits of the new possessor, and exacted from the wretched native a tribute, wrung from the hard-earned wages of his toil.'

'When Spain first acquired possession of her American settlements, she was the only manufacturing country in Europe, and the produce of her industry was sufficient to answer their growing demand, and to purchase the commodities which flowed in upon her from the newly-discovered world. It might have been expected that her population, invigorated by this reciprocation of advantage, would have increased in number and in wealth, in proportion with the growth of her colonies, and that her government would have received as great an increase of strength and power from these acquisitions as other states have derived from a similar source.

'In little more, however, than a century from the first discovery of America, Spain exhibited a spectacle which demonstrated to the world how little a sudden influx of wealth conduces to the greatness and prosperity of a kingdom, if unaccompanied by corresponding habits of industry among its people.'

This oppressive system continued without much intermission until near the end of the eighteenth century, when revolutionary movements against the mother country were perceptible in several of the provinces; but it was reserved for Miranda, a native of Caracas, to light the torch of liberty, and to bring to his arduous task much talent and more perseverance. We cannot follow our author through his account of this great man's exploits and life,—from him, Bolivar and other heroes, first imbibed the love of freedom, and, by his example, were taught to despise that power under which their forefathers had so long groaned. We pass over much of interesting information, respecting the various battles fought between the patriots and the royalists, and arrive at a memoir of Simon Bolivar, which we give, being well aware that, to the generality of our readers, it will be acceptable:—

'Simon Bolivar is descended from one of the richest Creole families of the province of Caracas: he was born about the year 1780, and, by an indulgence rarely granted at that time by the court of Spain to its South American subjects, was sent to Europe for the completion of his education. Having spent some time at Madrid for that purpose, he afterwards visited great part of Europe, and, in his twenty-third year, returned to Venezuela, with a mind enlightened by a familiarity with the liberal institutions of the age, and indignant at the degraded condition of his native country. The attempts of Miranda to liberate the South American colonies from the yoke of Spain, affording the opportunity, shortly after his return, for an avowal of his sentiments, and a display of that ardent love of freedom and devotion to the welfare of his

country which have so conspicuously marked his subsequent career, he hastened to enrol himself under his banners; and, at the commencement of his public life, set his countrymen a glorious example of disinterested patriotism, by the manumission of his slaves, and the sacrifice of his patrimonial wealth to the sacred cause in which he had embarked.

After the defeat and death of Miranda, the hopes of the patriots of Venezuela were fixed almost exclusively upon Bolivar, and he was appointed to the command of their armies, and invested with provisional powers, which conferred on him the most absolute authority: fourteen years have now elapsed since he was first intrusted with this important charge, and during the whole of that time he has been engaged in unwearied efforts to secure the independence of his country—an object which he has pursued with a zeal and steady perseverance, of which history affords but few examples.

He was not bred to the profession of arms; but the activity of his mind, and the ardour with which he embraced a military life, supplied the want of a more regular education, and enabled him to acquire as much tactical knowledge as was requisite for the state of warfare in which he was engaged. During the early part of his martial career, the army of the independents met, indeed, with many reverses, which were as much attributed to the incapacity of its commander, as to the skill or bravery of its opponents; but he soon remedied these defects, and, for the last seven years, the Colombian army has never been beaten when he has commanded it in person. He has had, hitherto, more opportunity of displaying his military, than his political talent; indeed, the department of government which would afford opportunity for the exercise of the latter quality, is one in which he seems little anxious to engage, and the few attempts he has made at legislation have certainly not been eminently successful.

The actions of Bolivar have been the theme of such exaggerated eulogy, both in his own country and in Europe, that it becomes almost an invidious task to speak of him in terms of ordinary praise; but this zeal of his admirers in some measure defeats its own object, for, by ranking him with the first captains and most skilful legislators of ancient or modern times, they force comparisons upon the world, which detract from his real merits, and are injurious to his hard-earned fame. He is neither a Napoleon in war, nor a Washington in council; but his services have been the most important and essential that ever man had the good fortune to render to his country.

When the fortunes of the patriots were at the lowest ebb, and under circumstances which would have sunk an ordinary mind into despondence, he never despaired of ultimate success, or suffered misfortune for a moment to disturb the equanimity and patient courage by which he inspired confidence in the breasts of his countrymen, and infused the vigour and animation which have led to so successful a result. To form, however, a correct estimate of his merits, and of the difficulty of the task he has performed, it is ne-

cessary to know the people with whom he has had to deal, and the country which has been the scene of his operations; for a great part of his followers had scarcely passed the confines of civilization, and many even of those, who, from their superior education and habits of life, might have been expected to co-operate with his views, were as often his rivals as his coadjutors; nothing, therefore, but a firmness and decision of character which has rarely been equalled, and never surpassed, could have enabled him to control the various passions brought by the revolutionary ferment into a state of unusual and dangerous excitement, and give them a direction beneficial to the public interest. The necessity, likewise, of encouraging or keeping in awe, by his presence, the different parts of the extensive country subject to his command, and the difficulty of traversing the plains and mountains, in which the traveller is exposed to every extreme of climate, and the commander obliged to share the hardships of the meanest soldier, compelled him to lead, during the whole of the revolutionary war, so laborious a life, that, had he not been gifted by nature with extraordinary powers, both of body and mind, he must have sunk under the fatigues which he has undergone.

By the ability and energy he has displayed in the difficult circumstances in which he has been placed, he has acquired a wonderful ascendancy over all classes of his countrymen; some few, indeed, of the persons who were opposed to him, in the civil troubles which existed during the early part of the revolution, may still regard him with a jealous eye, but the greater part of the chieftains entertain for him the most cordial and enthusiastic esteem, and the soldiery and people look up to him with sentiments little short of religious veneration. Bolivar, therefore, stands quite alone at the head of the Colombian government, nor can any person in the republic be considered as occupying even the second place: Paez, Marino, Urdaneta, Bermudez, Santander, Montilla, and other generals, are men of undoubted courage, and some of them possess cultivated understandings and polished manners; but beyond the provinces in which they were born, or in which they have acquired an interest by military command, they are altogether destitute of influence. Paez, for instance, is as little thought of in New Granada, or Santander in Venezuela, as either of them can be in any country of Europe. Till the government, therefore, is more firmly established, and the people, by becoming more familiar with freedom, feel a deeper interest in the support of their new institutions, every thing depends upon Bolivar: he was one of the earliest champions of his country's independence; he has firmly and courageously maintained his post throughout the arduous struggle, and all parties now tacitly acknowledge his superiority, by referring themselves to his arbitration in the discussions which at present threaten to disturb the tranquillity of Colombia.

Captain Head's *Rough Notes* across the Pampas, is thus mentioned:—

In a late interesting and amusing publication, I have observed that its gallant author

is a great eulogist of his beef-and-water diet, and imagines that it enabled him to support a more than ordinary degree of fatigue: I have myself tried it for some months, but have by no means formed so favourable an opinion of it. Being of a tolerably good constitution, it never produced any injurious effects upon me, but I have seen hundreds die under it; and I must confess, that I myself feel in better health and more invigorated, when I have taken a good beefsteak, with all its regular appurtenances, and a pint of wine, in a coffee-house in London, than I ever did after having partaken of the finest bullock or the purest stream which ever fed or flowed in the forests of South America.

The sufferings of the British who joined the patriot cause, are detailed with much effect. But few of the survivors now remain in the Colombian service, yet it appears, that although many of the expeditions fitted out from England failed in their most important points, much aid was rendered by those gallant men who arrived at the seat of action. We shall now turn our attention to the statistical portion of the work, which is clearly, and we doubt not, correctly written:—

Each department sends four senators to the senate, or upper house of the legislature, and the provinces the number of representatives to the lower house determined by the article of the constitution already cited. The present number of representatives is about one hundred. The congress is directed by the constitution to hold one session in every year, to commence on the second of January, and continue, if nothing extraordinary occurs, for ninety days; when, however, any particular occurrence may render it necessary, the session may be prolonged for thirty days more. During the session, the senators and representatives receive nine dollars per day for their maintenance, and for each Colombian league (about three English miles) that the provinces in which they reside are distant from the capital, they are allowed a dollar and a-half for travelling expenses. The distance from Bogotá to Angostura is four hundred and twenty leagues, to Cumana four hundred and twenty-five, to Guayaquil three hundred and fifty, and to Cartagena three hundred leagues: these allowances amount, therefore, altogether, to a considerable sum.

The president of the republic receives an annual salary of thirty thousand dollars, and the vice-president, when acting as president during the absence of the latter, or other temporary impediment to his discharge of the office, receives eighteen thousand dollars, and an addition of six thousand when he performs the duties of the executive power.

There are five secretaries of state, each of whom receives a salary of six thousand dollars, and their upper clerks one thousand eight hundred dollars; for the present the offices of secretary of war and of the navy are united in the same person.

The high court of justice, which holds its sittings in the capital, to receive appeals from the inferior tribunals, consists of five members, viz.: three judges and two fiscals, each of whom receives four thousand dollars

per annum. The judges of the superior courts established in different parts of the country, to obviate the inconveniences arising from the expense and delay attending the carrying of appeals from the distant provinces to the capital, receive a salary of three thousand six hundred dollars.

If to these sums are added the salaries of the officers of the customs, and other subordinate agents spread over so vast an extent of territory, it will be found that the expenses of the administration of this republican government are very heavy—owing, however, rather to the necessity of having, under its present form, such a multitude of separate governments, with each its petty administration, than to the exorbitance of the salary which any of its functionaries receive.

Great, however, as these expenses are, the cost of their military and naval establishments constitute still more formidable items of the national expenditure. The Colombian army has hitherto consisted of about thirty-three thousand men, viz.: twenty-six thousand infantry, five thousand cavalry, and two thousand artillery; but as one of the latest acts of the congress has decreed that the amount of the military force shall be taken into consideration every session, and regulated by the circumstances of the country, it may be supposed that they do not mean permanently to burden the country with the expense of so large an establishment. By this act a great reduction has also been made in the number of generals and field-officers, and a regular system has been established for recruiting the army, which will put a stop to the arbitrary and oppressive measures resorted to during the war for filling its ranks; the whole male population between the ages of eighteen and thirty being now made subject to a conscription, by which one-fifth of the standing army will be replaced by ballot every year; the term of service, which may be either personal or by substitute, will be therefore five years.

The nominal pay of the troops, for it was little better, had been during the war very high,—that of a private being ten dollars, and that of a colonel two hundred dollars a month, and the intermediate grades in the same proportion; but during the session of last year, the congress considerably reduced it. The pay of the private is now six dollars a month, and that of all the other ranks has experienced a proportionate reduction; but even at present, considering the relative prices of labour and provisions, it is much higher than that of the troops of the greater part of the continental powers of Europe. It will be unfortunate for the country, if the continuance of hostilities and the fear of invasion oblige the government to keep up so large a force; for at the present rate of pay, that alone, independent of other expenses, amounts to a sum little short of three millions of dollars, or nearly half the amount of the revenue of the last year. The estimate of the whole expenses of the military establishment for the present year, amounts to 6,803,296 dollars. During great part of the time that the war was carried on in the territory of the republic, the necessities of the

government drove it frequently to the economical expedient of altogether withholding the pay of the troops: this did very well whilst they were on active service, but when they came to lie in garrison, symptoms of discontent were soon manifested, and the mutinies which arose entirely from this cause, in the years 1822 and 1823, at Carthagena and Santa Martha, taught the government how dangerous it would be to trifle in future with a body of men who began to feel their own strength and importance.

The ranks of the army are filled with Indians, Negroes, and all intermediate races, some of which produce excellent soldiers, uniting the docility of the Indian with the more hardy constitution, and capability of bearing fatigue, which characterise the Negro and the Sambo: they are for the most part in a good state of discipline, and many of the regiments are capable of performing their evolutions with a steadiness and precision which would not disgrace any European regiment. When the whole of the Colombian army returns from Peru, it will present an efficient force, on which the country may rely with confidence for its defence; and its amount will admit of a number of troops being brought to bear upon every part of the coast, sufficient to repel any force which the present state of Spain will allow her to collect for the purpose of again attempting an invasion. In addition to the regular army, there is a militia, consisting of the whole male population between the ages of sixteen and forty; this force has been organised in some of the maritime towns, and put on a tolerably efficient footing: but in general, little has been done towards its formation, and no great reliance could be placed upon it.

The navy of Colombia is one of her weakest points, notwithstanding the anxiety she has evinced to create a maritime force, and the sums she has lavished in the attempt. At its first formation by Admiral Brion, it consisted of a few brigs and schooners, manned principally by foreigners; but the circumstances of the Colombian government at that time not allowing it to be very punctual in the payment of its seamen—a class of persons who are rather nice upon that point,—they became disgusted with the service; and being for the most part English and Anglo-Americans, they took every opportunity of the arrival of a man of war of their respective nations in the ports of Colombia, to claim the protection of their national flag, and quit the service of the republic. The ships which the Colombians had purchased were also old and rotten, and proved a source of continual expense.

At length, the loan raised in England by Don Francisco Antonio Zea, placing them in rather better circumstances, they added three or four stout corvettes to their navy, and were emboldened to offer battle to the Spanish squadron, and attempt to prevent it from throwing supplies into Maracaybo, at that time held by Morales. In the action which ensued, they were, however, overpowered by the superior force of the Spaniards; and, notwithstanding the gallant conduct of their commander, Commodore Daniels, a

native of the United States, they were completely defeated, and lost two of their corvettes. This disgrace was afterwards in some measure retrieved by the capture of a Spanish corvette, the Ceres, off the island of Cuba, by a small squadron under the command of Colonel Belluche, being the only service, I believe, their navy has ever rendered them on the ocean. The second loan they procured in England, again afforded them the means of increasing their navy, and as they seem to have thought that nothing was wanting but money and ships to render them a naval power, they immediately laid out a part of it in the purchase, in Europe and North America, of vessels nearly equal in force to a British seventy-four. They have now in their ports two or three of this class of vessels—some corvettes, and several brigs and schooners: but, unfortunately, there are not in the whole republic, sailors enough to man one of their large ships; and English and Anglo-American sailors being tired of the service, it is very probable that their newly purchased navy will lie in port till it falls to pieces, or becomes a prey to the worms.

We may possibly recur to this interesting work, but should we not, we most earnestly and sincerely recommend it to the attention of our friends, as its contents are both important and instructive.

Confessions of an Old Bachelor. Post 8vo. pp. 371. London, 1827. Colburn.

WHOEVER this old bachelor may be, we hesitate not to term him one of the most entertaining, instructive, and philosophical authors that has lately come before our critical tribunal. To read his *Confessions*, after having waded through volumes of mediocre poetry, made-up voyages, and a romance or two, great in nonsense and improbability, is indeed a treat, which, to a reviewer, is invaluable. Old as our author is, he has not yet forgotten feelings which are usually allied to youth; and bursts of passionate exclamation, glowing with fervid beauty, are often found among his pages. Allied to and mixed with these, is good sense, (worthy of being called so,) and a vein of quaint and rich satire, which is admirably set off against portions of sober, yet exquisite reasoning. To declare that this volume will be popular, is to say the least of it; for in it are contained sketches of character, which every-day occurrences confirm as true, and the tact with which they are drawn is so admirably delicate, that the originals themselves might laugh at what they deemed the follies and foibles of others; without being aware that their pleasant risibility is at the expense of themselves. Nor are the *Confessions* devoid of tenderness,—many portions of them abound with passages, in which so fervent a heart peeps forth, that we were more than once cheated into the belief that our Old Bachelor had but just assumed this cognomen, and that the garb of age befitted him not so well as he imagined; but subsequent observation made us change this opinion, for there is so much real feeling in the detail,—such crustiness and causticity of style,—such experience of life, and such evident knowledge of the world, that if our au-

thor be a young man, we would advise Farren to look to his laurels; or if an old one, would that all were equally wise. But it is time to introduce this worthy to our readers, and by allowing him to speak for himself, we are aware that the introduction will be much more perfect and *naïve* than if we were to perform the ceremonials necessary on such occasions:—

‘Why is it that I am pensive in the heart of gaiety, dull amid all the bustle and energy of life, isolated among thousands? The answer is plain, easy, and intelligible. I am an old bachelor in the middle of London. I live on from day to day, and from year to year, in a horrible monotonous routine, without possessing one single human object of solicitude, and as little cared for myself as I care about others. In my time, I have liked many, disliked more, and despised more still; hated one, and loved one. Those whom it is customary to call *friends*, I have long ago lost; and I now stand alone in this wide, reckless region of humanity. I have no friend; I pay attention to few; for none do I entertain affection. I am solitary, morose, eccentric, peevish, nervous, envious, sensitive, censorious; in truth, a strange and unhappy being. Some excuse might be alleged for the contraction of so many unfortunate qualities: I might with justice attribute them to the effects of disappointment—to habits, too, of procrastination. On these peculiar heads I shall enlarge more hereafter: the statements I make at present are but preliminary; roughly advanced, and concisely. In fact, the awkwardness which, to a certain degree, I feel, in laying before the world the career of my life, and the nature of my disposition, is yet to be broken; and what I utter, I utter shyly, and with a feeling of repugnance. I am exactly in the condition of a peevish patient, who is about to swallow his medicine—he nauseates the draught, yet feels himself necessitated to drink it.

‘Why, it may be asked, do I place thus voluntarily on myself such a constraint, as that of undertaking what I feel to be a task, and a painful one? No matter why; it is my whim. An old bachelor must not be asked for explanations of his motives or conduct. Suffice it to say, that whim, or vanity, or discontent, or some secret impulse or other, urges me to do so.

‘There will be some, perhaps, of my readers, who may be inclined to pity me. I do not covet their pity. I am not making these statements with any view of being pitied; my only intention is, to set forth certain facts, the relation of which may take its chance of being of service, or not, to the world, as it may happen; if the former, I shall consider myself as having made some atonement for the little use of which, through the course of my existence, I have been to society. I cannot, at any rate, accuse myself of selfishness: if I have been of no use to the world, I have been of just as little to myself. I have often, indeed, accused myself of having been of so little; often arraigned the wisdom of Providence for creating such a vast proportion of human beings, who from various circumstances *nauseate*, in all pro-

bability, either from defects in education, from bad example, from want of inducement, from the compulsory pursuit of objects which the bent of their genius rejects, be placed in the same situation as myself.

‘My misfortunes, or faults, have made me find pleasure in railing at things as they are: at Providence, and at man: at politics, morals, and religion. I have found gratification in indulging in these fits of wrath, perverseness, and contradiction, when nothing else possessed any charm for me. I have been an anarchist, a misanthrope, and a sceptic, over and over again, when the fit has seized me. The picture I hold up of myself is not an amiable one: it is assuredly as little enviable.

‘Let the young attend; there is a good deal of philosophy in my page: though the spirit may sometimes be (for it is not always) morose, and the style tart and disaffected; yet the lesson it conveys is a valuable one. How dear it is, and how dearly bought, none can appreciate, except by the ordeal of a wretched and lingering experience.’

As we have now fairly introduced our friends to the Old Bachelor, we will amuse them with a characteristic soliloquy, and renew our acquaintance with him in our next number. His making his appearance in the literary world rather late in the week must plead our excuse for not holding further conversation with him:—

‘“Uh! people talk of the nineteenth century being so superior to the eighteenth. I hate to hear such nonsense—no such thing; don’t think so. They prate about modern improvements, while so many ancient prejudices are still suffered to exist, ay, and strengthen every day. I hate to hear such stuff. Let them talk of improvements, when the barbarities and absurdities of their laws are abolished; when the quackery of their systems of public education is at an end; when their illiberality in sundry political tenets is exploded.

‘“Oh heavens! what a din! what a rattling those odious stages make! There never was any thing so bad as this in my time: none of these shoals of vile lumbering vehicles, charged and surcharged with their greasy cargoes of tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff-mongers, rumbling everlastingly to Greenwich, Putney, Acton, Camberwell, and Lambeth. No no! there were no short stages then, to stun one at this rate: no! things were much better, I say, in my time. Uh, this comes of the horrid population that spreads so every day; and with it, the progress of building: why both the one and the other are the greatest nuisances in the world, if they are to entail on one the pest of these vile rattling stage-coaches. Then they talk of Macadam’s roads! fools; why, they run a chance of having their necks broken every time they travel over one of them. What coachman, I should like to know, can stop a carriage, can pull up four tearing horses, over one of these boasted ‘smooth as bowling-green’ roads? Pshaw! nonsense! he can’t do it: they might as well talk of being able to check a man at full speed in the middle of a slide. They must have their necks broken:

and they deserve it—it is all their own fault. Then they talk about being able to cross Hounslow or Blackheath, without being robbed as formerly. Addle-headed boobies! why do they only look on one side of a question?—don’t they see, that if there is less thieving in the open way, there is more in private dwelling-houses. And this is one of the mighty blessings of modern improvements! this is the superiority of the nineteenth over the eighteenth century! A pest on such nonsense, and on the buildings, and population, and coaches, and Macadam and all!

‘“Uh! here’s a great wide place—one of their new-fashioned streets! they call it Regent Street. People talk of its being fine; and airy, and spacious, and handsome, and beautiful, and the Lord knows what! To hear them talk, one would fancy it was paved with gold. Hum! uh! why every impertinent fool can stare at one *now*: there are no nice blind alleys, down which one may sneak unperceived and unnoticed. Architecture was architecture once; but it is now a monster—a mongrel, produced by the illicit connection of Græcisms and Gothicisms. There are no neat simple churches now: you see Christian edifices stuck all over with the sacrificial emblems of paganism, bullocks’ heads, and rams’ horns: in one quarter you see great sprawling uncouth Caryatides—in another an extinguisher by way of spire, hoisted on the top of a Greek balcony. The mischiefs do not end here:—just as bad in other things; just as glaring, if not more so. You can’t read a book, now, by a nice clearly-burning wax-candle; but must be forced to blind yourself, because every one else does, by straining your visual organs to see by the muddy light of sinumbra-lamps: they nearly blind me! plague on the patentee and all patentees! . . . You can’t in these times have your meat dressed by means of a good old-English-roast-beef constitutional jack, but must have it sent up to you sodden, or raw, from one of Count Rumford’s vile steam-kitchens. . . You can’t cross over from Dover to Calais, now, with only one chance of being launched out of the world:—drowning is not a sufficient hazard for folks to incur now, but they must subject themselves to the double chance of being burnt, as well as soured to death. So much for the steam-boats—hum! hah! uh! You can’t get a good morning’s exercise by being jumbled over the *pre-adamite* pavements, but must glide smoothly along over the flat surface of Macadam’s roads. Roads in London! vile innovation! I say they are an abominable preventive of cockney digestion! There are, now-a-days, no good wholesome dinners at four or five o’clock; but a hot luncheon at three, and a dinner at nine! the name of old English suppers is forgotten now! You can’t go, either, to see a play: nobody goes to the theatres, but in a child’s party; unless it be the trades-folk of the metropolis, and a few newspaper critics; and now and then perhaps an old barrister, to save himself from dying of ennui. You’re obliged to go and get hustled in the pit of the Opera-house at nine o’clock or past, cheek

by jowl with some muddy-complexioned, garlic-eating Italians, wedged in between these and half-a-dozen French Cyprians! If you discern any acquaintance in the boxes, you're obliged to travel up, God knows how many pair of steps, before you can reach them. Well, if you walk down to the House of Commons, it is only now and then that you hear any harangues worth speaking of—you don't see any worthy successors (except perhaps one or two men) of Pitt, Fox, Burke, or Sheridan; you don't hear those lofty, those warm, those eloquent bursts that once used to electrify you—no, no, those days of oratory, of political warfare, and political squibs, are gone by now. No Warren Hastings's impeachments now; no government jobs now; no Junius's Letters. There was no union with Ireland then; no mushroom peers; no mushroom Irish baronetcies, made almost for the asking, or for the consideration of a shilling.—And now for the women! Why don't they powder their hair now-a-days? they have lost the art of tugging it back from the forehead, and forward from the back of the head, into a huge preposterous pinnacle, like a cassowary's crest, or the top-knot of a cockatoo. As for the gentlemen, where are their precious pigtailed? shame! shame! they are all cut off! cut off! cut off! who wears them now but myself, and one or two other respectable-looking old persons like me!

'What has become of the plain, thick, yellow dishes of Delf, from which we used at one time to dine? gone! gone! A man's attention is called from the food before him, to gaze upon the green and gold, or blue and white service upon which it is placed; to abandon the contents of his plate, in order to discuss the beauties of the Wedgwood ware, or Flight and Barr's china, in which they are placed. There are no quietly-burning, oil-fed lamps in the streets, but flaring, flashing, gas-lights, to dazzle one, enough to occasion blindness or distraction, and almost to roast the meat in the butchers' shops.'

'As for the innovations in the country, they are no less numerous than those in town. There used, once upon a time, to be stage-coach robberies; but now there are no adventures of this sort in Featherbed Lane, or elsewhere! Formerly, in my younger days, there were scarcely any stationers' or booksellers' shops in many country towns; you couldn't buy a child's story-book if you would give your ears to do so, but must wait, if you wanted to make a Christmas present, until the next fair, on which occasion hawkers would come round with small, brown-looking, coarse-paper pamphlets, decorated with wood-cuts of Whittington and Hickok-thrift, at the price of a penny a copy, and threepence for a superior one, as they call it; but now they demand of you, for a nursery-volume, eighteen-pence! its size being that of a great post octavo, filled with daubs, called coloured engravings.

'The farmers' daughters used to be dressed in a plain, pretty, neat fashion, looking so simple and so modest, that it was a pleasure to see them; whereas, now, they go flouncing in a profusion of ribands and

lace to church, to disregard the service, to stare, and be stared at. Their mothers thought little of going to market on a pillion behind Jack the ploughboy, on the broken-winded mare, whose wheezing and grunting (varied by the squeak, perhaps, of a concomitant suckling for the market) was the only concert the good women knew: but now, Jack the ploughboy must not approach even to tie their shoe-strings; their ears are now regaled with their daughters Jenny's and Polly's jingling on some second-hand, or twenty-second-hand, piano-forte, picked up at an auction.

'Young ladies brought up in the country used to pique themselves upon making a syllabub, or even a pudding; but now, they can do nothing, except pretend to squall airs that have long since been out of date in the metropolis. The joviality of the old country squire is now obsolete; there are no Squire Westerns now-a-days, no wine drinking and swearing; the days of drunkenness after dinner, and 'damn ye' at every other word, are forgotten! There is no sporting now, in a liberal way; shooting parties are nothing more nor less than conspiracies, coolly and cruelly to butcher a number of poor creatures, who are forced to scamper about under the nose of their murderers, to be shot! Pretty sport, to be sure! . . . Then, how those country-gentlemen palaver about the accommodation of their new gaols! Why, Lord bless me, has not all this accommodation increased crime, and surcharged their gaols? What benefit is there, I should like to know, in these modern introductions, that is not balanced by its evil? Why, then, do folks sneer at past times, since the sum of mischief (on taking every thing into consideration) is not diminished, but is just where it was? A century hence all that has been done in this precious æra will, perhaps, be cancelled, and things brought back to what they were in my time: and even in two centuries hence the improvements of these times will again be re-established; and so on, to the end of time, there will be the same alterations, without any real improvement whatever. Therefore I hate to hear people talk of modern improvements; what they call modern improvements, will some years hence be called ancient absurdities, and antiquated prejudices.

'I fancy I know as much about the merits of modern and ancient times, as those who pretend to be more knowing: but let me tell them this; let me tell those impertinents who brag of their modern improvements, that they may do so with a little more justice, when they have rectified the various evils of the present day. Yes, when wretched, bleeding, and lovely Ireland is pacified, by whatever means that object may be effected; when the present fluctuations in the price of productions have been smoothed down to a fixed and level standard; when a general reformation has been made in the laws, both civil and criminal, in substance and in practice, and a new code has been framed; when the colony is withdrawn from Sierra Leone; when the humbug of free-labouring Africans is exploded; when some-

thing like uniformity has been established between the east and west sides of Northumberland House,—which will only be, when the prejudices of cockney proprietors is overcome; when the projected quay is erected on the banks of our noble river; when quiet persons can walk by the side of the docks without being kidnapped under the pretext of legal impressment and public expediency; when the sale of game has been legalized, to the entire abolition of poaching; (for what tradesman will not sooner buy game brought him by the proprietor, than purloined for him by the nightly marauder?)—when sweeping-boys are able to wash the soot from their faces, and heal the wounds of their raw and festering knees . . . why then, I say, when all this has been done, people may indeed talk with reason of improvement; I shall then be willing to listen to them with a little more patience. When all this has taken place, why then—why then—there will be, comparatively, nothing left to be hoped for, but the apotheosis of the Lord Chancellor Eldon.'

Definitions in Political Economy, Preceded by an Inquiry into the Rules which ought to Guide Political Economists in the Definition and Use of their Terms; with Remarks on the Deviation from these Rules in their Writings. By the Rev. T. R. MALTHUS, A.M., F.R.S., &c. Post 8vo. pp. 269. London, 1827. Murray.

WHATEVER difference of opinion may exist with respect to the practical utility of many notions on the important and intricate subject of political economy, which have been introduced into the world under the sanction of Mr. Malthus, there can be but one feeling as to the ingenuity and industry of the projector. Though he may have failed to substantiate much that he has advanced on the subject, he has at least been instrumental in awakening discussion, and in fixing public attention upon matters, which, to be regulated wisely, must be reflected upon profoundly. The object of the present volume is to remove an obstacle in the study of political economy, which is justly stated by the author to have now increased to no inconsiderable magnitude. He proposes to do this by laying down rules for the definition and application of terms, and defining conformably to them, and we think this effort will have the truly beneficial result at which Mr. Malthus aims, and tend in a great measure to remove those varieties of opinion among political economists, which, we agree with him, are principally to be traced to the different meanings in which the same terms have been used by different writers. It has sometimes been said of public economy, that it approaches to the strict science of mathematics; but Mr. Malthus considers, that in consequence of the great deviations which have lately taken place from the different definitions and doctrines of Adam Smith, it approaches more nearly to the sciences of morals and politics. 'It does not,' he observes, 'seem yet to be agreed what ought to be considered as the best definition of wealth, of capital, of productive labour, of value;

what is meant by real wages; what is meant by labour; what is meant by profits; in what sense the term "demand" is to be understood, &c. Mr. Malthus considers the meanings of all these terms to have been settled with considerable correctness, by Adam Smith, and altered by more recent writers. To remedy the evils thus produced, it has been suggested that a new and more perfect nomenclature should be introduced. This idea is opposed by Mr. Malthus on the ground that as, in such sciences as morals, politics, and political economy, the terms are comparatively few, it is impossible to suppose that an entirely new nomenclature would be submitted to. We do not exactly see the force of this objection, but without staying to combat it, we proceed to lay before our readers a brief summary of the principal definitions here supplied:—*Wealth*, 1. The material objects necessary, useful, or agreeable to man, which have required some portion of human exertion to appropriate or produce. *Utility*, 2. The quality of being serviceable or beneficial to mankind. The utility of an object has generally been considered as proportioned to the necessity and real importance of these services and benefits. *All wealth is necessarily useful; but all that is useful, is not necessarily wealth.* *Value*, 3. Has two meanings: value in use and value in exchange. *Value in Use*, 4. Is synonymous with utility. It rarely occurs in political economy, and is never implied by the word value when used alone. *Value, or Value in Exchange*, 5. The relation of one object to some other, or others in exchange, resulting from the estimation in which each is held. When no second object is specified, the value of a commodity naturally refers to the causes which determine the estimation, and the object which measures it. Value is distinguished from wealth, in that it is not confined to material objects, and is much more dependent upon scarcity and difficulty of production. *Production*, 6. The creation of objects which constitute wealth. *Product*, *Produce*, 7. The portion of wealth created by production. *Sources of Wealth*, 8. Land, labour, and capital. The two original sources are land and labour; but the aid which labour receives from capital is applied so very early, and is so very necessary in the production of wealth, that it may be considered as a third source. *Land*, 9. The soil, mines, waters, and fisheries of the habitable globe. It is the main source of raw materials and food. *Labour*, 10. The exertion of human beings employed with a view to remuneration. If the term be applied to other exertions, they must be particularly specified. *Productive Labour*, 11. The labour that is so directly productive of wealth, as to be capable of estimation in the quality or value of the products obtained. *Unproductive Labour*, 12. All labour which is not directly productive of wealth. The terms productive and unproductive are always used by political economists in a restricted and technical sense exclusively applicable to the direct production or non-production of wealth. *Industry*, 13. The exertion of the human faculties and powers to accomplish some de-

sirable end. No very marked line is drawn in common language, or by political economists, between industry and labour; but the term industry generally implies more superintendence and less bodily exertion than labour. *Stock*, 14. Accumulated wealth, either reserved by the consumer for his consumption, or kept or employed with a view to profit. *Capital*, 15. That portion of the stock of a country which is kept or employed with a view to profit in the production or distribution of wealth. *Fixed Capital*, 16. That portion of stock employed with a view to profit which yields such profit while it remains in the possession of the owner. *Circulating Capital*, 17. That portion of stock employed with a view to profit, which does not yield such profit till it is parted with. *Revenue*, 18. That portion of stock or wealth which the possessor may annually consume without injury to his permanent resources. It consists of the rents of land, the wages of labour, and the profits of stock. *Accumulation of Capital*, 19. The employment of a portion of revenue as capital. Capital may therefore increase without an increase of stock or wealth. *Saving*, 20. In modern times, implies the accumulation of capital, as few people now lock up their money in a box. * * * *Wages of Labour*, 24. The remuneration paid to the labourer for his exertions. *Nominal Wages*, 25. The wages which the labourer receives in the current money of the country. *Real Wages*, 26. The necessities, conveniences, and luxuries of life, which the wages of the labourer enable him to command. *The Rate of Wages*, 27. The ordinary wages paid to the labourer by the day, week, month, or year, according to the custom of the place where he is employed. They are generally estimated in money. *The Price of Labour*, 28. Has generally been understood to mean the average money-price of common day labour, and it is not therefore different from the rate of wages, except that it more specifically refers to money. * * * 30, *The Price of Effective Labour*. The price in money of a given quantity of human exertion of a given strength and character, which may be essentially different from the common price of day-labour, or the whole money-earnings of the labourer in a given time.—We regret that we cannot make room for more of these able and most explanatory definitions; but we have quoted a sufficient number to excite the reader's curiosity, and induce him to consult this most valuable book. Of the utility of thus clearly defining terms, in order to facilitate a knowledge of the causes of the wealth of nations, there can be but one opinion. Adam Smith gave few regular definitions; but his meanings may be collected from the context, and to these Mr. Malthus tell us he has, in a considerable degree adhered. For some of the definitions he acknowledges himself indebted to M. Say; others are entirely his own, and the combination is in every respect creditable to his discrimination, ability, and zeal. Correct, useful, and convincing, this work deserves the widest circulation, and will certainly tend to clear up many doubts upon the subject of political economy,—a subject

on which in spite of the labours of Smith, Say, Ricardo, Macculloch, and other laborious inquirers, we believe the public to be lamentably uninformed.

The Seer of Tiviotdale: a Romance. By LOUISA SIDNEY STANHOPE. 4 vols. 12mo. pp. 1177. London, 1827. Newman and Co.

THE author of this romance is well and favourably known to innumerable patrons of the circulating library. She has a peculiar facility in arresting the attention; and in spite of countless grammatical errors, much bad taste, and many new-fangled epithets, neither pleasant nor ingenious, her page enchains the reader, awakens interest, and gratifies curiosity. There is a wild eloquence in her passionate passages, and an untutored power in her descriptions, which cannot fail to excite somewhat of sympathy, though too often offensive to pure and cultivated taste. *The Seer of Tiviotdale* is a sort of maniac-prophet, sought out and consulted by the Scottish partizans of the fugitive Charles Stuart,—a being vividly portrayed, full of fearful attributes, and a mysterious power. As a specimen of the style of this romance, in its more highly wrought scenes, we extract a portion of the first interview between Edmund, (whom, perhaps, we may consider as the hero of the tale,) and the seer:—

‘Scudding with rapid strides amid the picturesque wilds of dappled nature, the mists of morning had but newly vanished, when he gained the base of those jutting cliffs, named as the lonely spot of rendezvous: a narrow pathway, winding up the steep, pressed close upon the slippery brink of the precipice; yet Edmund, nothing loath, dared the dark and forlorn hills, stunted and brown beneath the scorching rays of the sun, crowding on each other, and towering in giant rage, e’en to the horizon’s limit. Once he paused to mark the loftiness of the prospect, to view the clouds resting on the granite heights, and to listen to the clashing of the torrent, tumbling, and breaking, and foaming in its rocky bed. As he stood, the low monotonous hum of a human voice mingled in the hoarse roar; he looked up, and he beheld, upon a shelving ridge, a few yards beyond him, a figure, almost too wild to think it nature. It was tall, and wan, and wasted well nigh to the anatomy of ought human; and as it stood, poising on a tuft of grey heath, a gabardine, of many scraps and many colours, caught by the fantastic breeze, hung shivering and floating.

“Hold! I implore you, hold!” exclaimed Edmund, trembling at the seeming hardihood: but the stranger, deaf, or regardless of the caution, pressed on the very brink, as though to measure the depth below. With one bound Edmund gained the precipitous footway, and snatched at the stranger’s arm. “Mercy—mercy on your own soul!” he gasped out, and he clung to him in wild terror, for the tremendous aim of self-destruction offered sad solution.

“And whose is the hand to stay me? and who shall speak counsel to the grey-beard?” asked the aged man, turning on him

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an eye of stern inquiry. "Knowest thou not, I move in the whirlwind, and joy in the storm?"

"I know not—I care not," said Edmund, eagerly; "I would but warn of the wrath of Heaven; I would but enjoin patience and submission to the ills of earth."

"Go to! shall a smooth chin tutor grey hairs!" and as he spoke, he passed his shrunken hand o'er a brow, which hot suns and cold blasts had furrowed. Suddenly starting, as though some new light had crossed him—"Peradventure, thou art but the precursor of the eaglet; if-so-be, fly thee back, and bid the eaglet tarry a summer's sky; for I have dreamt sad dreams, and I have seen strange visions. God-wot! the race be not to the swift, or the battle to the strong. Go, gleak around, and thou shalt see birds of ill omen, owls, and bats, and carrion-crows:—go—go—bid him seek another hemisphere, for peril lurks amid the wild rocks of his wild country."

"What mean you?" asked Edmund, marvelling at the strange fantasy.

"The stranger heaved a shuddering sigh; he half closed his eyes to shut out the bright beams of morning, and he stood in long and deep communion."

"Whence points this allegory?" importuned Edmund, awe gathering as he gazed upon the wan and statue-like features of the aged man. "Bodes it of the future? or genders it in the mad images of a distempered brain? Speak, speak, old gaffer;" and impatient and eager, he again caught at his cloak.

"The seer slipped aside, and then he laughed wildly, for the cloak alone remained in the grasp of Edmund."

"Just like the delusions of sense; just like world's pleasures," he pronounced; "when snatched at, full; when clutched, empty. Boy—boy, may they never yield thee worse than a torn gabardine!"

"Tis of the eaglet I would further question," eagerly resumed Edmund, deciphering more than trick in the rhapsody of the seer. "Good father—dear father, I pray you, of the drift of your strange prophecy?"

"Good father! dear father, forsooth!" sarcastically repeated the stranger, and his smile was scorn—"Sure, thou hast dealt largely in the world's wares! what, bear thy flatteries even to these barren crags? take counsel, youngster; the soil is ill suited to the culture:—thou must bait with other than glozing words."

"You wrong me; on my life, you wrong me!" exclaimed Edmund, and all his native energy kindled in his eyes: "not to sap the secrets of a whole kingdom, would I be the vile thing you name."

"If it be so," and the stranger spoke with quickness and feeling, "then be my blessing upon thee. Reparation, ay, boy, I will give thee reparation: list to me, and bosom my words. Amongst men, here, in Scotland, be thrift of speech, and scant of credence: take nought of painted clay to thy bosom; for there are false friends, and false hopes; and quagmires, scattered over with posies; and gins, and snares, bated with

milk and with honey. I charge thee, quaff not of the poisoned bowl; nor pause, nor parley, nor tamper, to thy own hinderance. 'Tis I—'tis the seer Donaldbain, who warns thee."

"Donaldbain!" repeated Edmund, and pity lived in his accent: for all he had heard tell of the seer Donaldbain,—of the lone and scared being, living amid signs and auguries, in woods and wildernesses, and lacking all which man calls comfort, arose to fancy.

"Donaldbain of the crag-side," rejoined the wizard-man; "Donaldbain, the seer, sought by the great, as dabbling in fate and wild matters, and dealing forth fortunes, although, forsooth!" and he spoke with a shrug and a smile, "he carveth but ill fortune to himself. Alack! the world is a dappled scene: some are hooted; some are honoured; some hated; some loved; some pass on unmarked. The giant and the dwarf own alike their province:—

And mine be the pow'r
To knoll forth the hour,
Of death and of woe.

Boy—boy," and he waved back the few scattered hairs which silvered his brow, and he looked up with confidence and meaning, "I am sought for, and I am honoured by the great of the earth; and the foot of pride mounteth to the very height of my abiding-place."

For I can spy,
In a moonless sky,
The tint of doom;
If of the ray
Of brightening day;
Or cast in gloom."

"Then are you very happy," said Edmund, thoughtlessly; "for in spying the tint of doom, sure you can avert the death-stroke."

"Happy, sayest thou? happy! no—no!" and Donaldbain spoke with wildness; "happiness is not for the crawling atom, man:—happiness is not for him, whose span of life is open to the die of chance and casualty; who to-day flourishes—to-morrow withers; to-day, spurns at all limit, stalks forth in pride, riots over sea and land; to-morrow—only to-morrow, tenants a narrow grave. They call it second-sight: woe's me, 'tis oft a sad sight! for I see those I best love tied to the stake; and those I least value, kindling the fire. Happy; thinkest thou, happy! poor mistaken one! call it a curse—a festering curse; for however hallowed by the multitude, it breeds in the heart a brood of scorpions."

* * * * *

"Edmund was no stoic; and his heart softened as he marked the breathing ruin, for here *was* traits of character, and feeling of grandeur, and smouldering sensibility—

"An awful chaos—light and darkness,
And mind and dust, and passions and pure thoughts,
Mix'd and contending."

"I crave nought of pity," exclaimed Donaldbain, reading pity in his eye: "keep it for a stormy season: marry, and it will soon be taxed! Pity, and shame, and sorrow, too: pity, for a fallen land; and shame at man's turpitude; and for sorrow—

When the eaglet shall fly,
In a summer sky,
He will fall, and he must die!

And then, God-wot! and you may drown him in tears; and I will weep too, weep for Scotland, and weep at man's ingratitude:—for we may scour the Grampian, and hold watch upon Ben-Lomond, and climb the high peak of Nevis—ay, and tarry until doomsday, ere we light on such another bird!"

"I would adventure much," said Edmund, thoughtfully, "to trace the flight of this rare bird. Comes he from the south, good father?—and bears he a diadem on his crest?"

"Donaldbain stood silent and pensive, his eyes half closed, his arms folded, and looking, as though the spirit, abstracted from all of earth, sought commune with spirits of a higher order: starting abruptly—"Integrity outshineth the diamond," he exclaimed, "honour the ruby, courage the emerald; and for sapphires, and turquoise, and amethysts, and topaze, and all the glittering gew-gaws of a crown, seek them in generosity, greatness, gentleness, forbearance, ay, and a thousand qualities, more sterling and richer far than gold!"

"Not—not the king—" and Edmund spoke with unguarded fervour.

"God forefend!" ejaculated the seer. "There has been blood—royal blood, enow, shed already: a price was fixed, and a price was paid; and the Lord's anointed was sold, trafficked, delivered up, like a bale of merchandise. Ay, Scotland may wail at her own dishonour: not thrice ten thousand times the gold, which bartered that precious blood, can file away, the foul—foul rust, upon Scotland's name! Nations shall curse the deed; posterity shall rue the deed; after-time shall confound the deed, and rashly stigmatize the native Scot, with cold computing avarice! Just like individual honour, breathed upon and tainted—" and he spoke with wild trepidation—"or summer blossoms, defiled by the noisome worm; or snow, new drifted, trod upon and blackened. Fame, and brightness, and purity on earth returns no more—no, never! never! never!"

We have alluded to our author's faults; but, at the same time, and most willingly, offered our tribute of admiration to her ability:—the first, we conceive, arise rather from haste or carelessness than incapacity; and the latter, decidedly, place her in a very respectable rank as an imaginative writer.

Picture of London. New Edition. 1827. By J. BRITTON.

A NEW edition of the *Picture of London*, edited by Mr. J. Britton, affords us opportunity to draw the public attention to that gentleman's observations upon some of the metropolitan improvements; his taste, research and practice, attach much value to his opinions. Our readers will find that several extensive architectural works which have already been noticed in *The Literary Chronicle*, are now completed, others nearly so, and the entire *coup d'œil* here given cannot fail to be

interesting to every one acquainted with the topography of London:—

'Hyde Park is under the control of the Ranger, Lord Sydney, and the officers of the "Royal Woods and Forests," who have, with the sanction of his Majesty and the Lords of the Treasury, within the last year, done much to improve the beauties and conveniences of this most agreeable place. Besides widening and levelling the roads and paths, the high brick walls have been taken down, and open iron railing substituted—An extensive line of new road has likewise been formed, round the west and north sides, to Kensington Gardens, where a bridge has been raised across the water—some new lodges and gates have been built, from the designs of Mr. D. Burton, which are at once great ornaments to the scenery, and highly creditable to the taste of the architect. A very handsome screen of open columns, with three large entrance gates, from the designs of the same artist, is commenced at Hyde Park Corner, and the south-east angle of the Park is laid out as a pleasure-garden. Park Lane is made much wider and straighter. The noblemen and gentlemen who occupy houses, overlooking this part of the Park, have also commenced a system of architectural reform, by rebuilding or embellishing the fronts of their houses. The Duke of Wellington intends to case Apsley House with stone, and to build a handsome picture gallery.

'To the north-west and north of London, house after house, and street after street, are raised with such amazing rapidity, that the parishes of Paddington, Mary-la-bonne, and St. Pancras, have been nearly doubled in dwellings, within the last five or six years: and these once rural villages, in which the citizen retired to his country villa and garden, and where the milch cows grazed in great numbers on the ever-green turf, are now occupied by an almost endless continuity of buildings. Proceeding along the outskirts towards the east, we perceive that the village of Islington has joined London on one side, St. Pancras on another, and stretched itself over the White-Conduit Fields, (formerly much noted by our dramatic and other poets,) to the hamlet of Holloway, and through that link to Highgate and Hornsey. The Regent's Canal, connecting the Paddington Grand Junction and other canals west of London, with the Thames to the east, or mercantile side of the City, and skirting the northern suburbs, has occasioned an influx of trade, and its accompanying warehouses, wharfs, &c., at Paddington, Battlebridge, the City Road, and other places. Passing through the parishes of Shoreditch, Hackney, Stratford-le-bow, &c., it has given new features to those places, and contributed materially to augment their population.

'The vastly-increasing population of London has occasioned a great augmentation of churches and chapels, both for the congregations of the establishment, and for dissenters. In consequence of urgent, and argumentative appeals by some truly pious and benevolent Christians, the legislature has granted a large sum for the purpose of aiding parochial committees, to build new churches or enlarge

their old ones. The prelates, clergy, and many of the laity, have also entered into subscriptions, and formed themselves into a society for promoting this express object. Hence we find, that many sacred edifices have been raised in different parts of the metropolis, and others are in progress. It would be gratifying, could we conscientiously applaud the architectural character of the works that have been executed; but herein our wishes and decision are at variance; for by some unaccountable perversity of circumstances, there is scarcely one, out of the many, that approaches perfection—there is much to find fault with, and little to praise.

'Adverting to royal and national works,' Mr. Britton says, 'we find that a spacious, expensive, and, according to reports, splendid palace is building with great rapidity on the site of Buckingham House, in St. James's Park. Designed and directed by Mr. Nash, under the immediate sanction of his Majesty, we cannot doubt but it will present much decorated and highly enriched architecture. Many columns of cast iron, eighteen feet in height, and five tons weight each, are already raised, and from the quantity of iron used, and the substantial manner in which the floors and walls are constructed, we may infer, that stability, and security against fire, are provided for by the architect. Fronting the centre of the palace, but advancing considerably before it, will be a splendid triumphal arch, in which the united talents of some of our most eminent sculptors are engaged to co-operate with the architect in producing a composition to vie with the famed arches of Constantine and Titus. A noble portico in the centre, with colonnades at the wings, and other colonnades, terraces, &c. on the garden-front, will constitute some of the exterior features of this palace; whilst the vestibule, hall, staircases, and state rooms will be replete with marble columns, painting, gilding, and other splendid embellishments. According to the architect's report to the commissioners, the sum of 90,371*l.* was expended on the works up to the 5th of April, 1826, and 162,319*l.* more were required to complete the building and improvements in the gardens, &c.

'A new palace, called York House, to the west of St. James's Palace, is nearly completed, from designs by Benjamin Wyatt, Esq. It is a large square mass, wholly cased with stone, and ornamented with columns, placed in the centre of three of its sides, and a *port-cochère* on the other. Adjoining this mansion, another new one is nearly finished for the Duke of Clarence.

'The Earl of Grosvenor has commenced building a large and splendid town mansion, in Upper Brook Street, from the designs of Mr. Cundy; and, judging from the style and character of the western wing, we may expect to see an edifice worthy of the illustrious proprietor, and of his valuable collection of pictures.

'The spacious and handsome square, named Belgrave, one of the titles of the Earl of Grosvenor, has been advanced with great rapidity during the last year, and when completed will present one of the most uniform

and elegant series of mansions in the metropolis. Besides four symmetrical rows of houses, of the largest sizes, at the sides, there will be four spacious insulated villas, or mansions, at the angles of the square. One of these, far advanced, is for Mr. Kemp, the founder and proprietor of Kemp-town, Brighton. Many first-rate houses have also been raised in the adjoining streets. When we reflect on the depressed state of commerce, trade, and manufactures for the last year, we are both astonished and delighted to witness the spirit and laudable zeal which actuate the gentlemen and tradesmen concerned in these extensive works. From 600 to 1000 men have been constantly employed and supported on these works for the last year. It is calculated that Belgrave Square alone will cost nearly half a million of money. It measures 684 feet by 617 feet; and the adjoining long square, called Eaton, will be 1637 feet by 371 feet.

'In Westminster we have to notice many alterations and improvements, both in progress, and recently executed, which must astonish the stranger, and will also gratify the real connoisseur. An extensive and handsome suite of Law Courts, with several attached offices, have been finished from the designs of Mr. Soane. These are appropriated to the legal business of Chancery, Exchequer, King's Bench, Common Pleas, &c. and are connected with each other by passages and galleries skilfully arranged, which also communicate with Westminster Hall, and with the two Houses of Parliament.

'Great additions and improvements have been recently made to the offices connected with the houses of Lords and Commons: but it is to be regretted, that the national senate is not provided with a comprehensive and handsome edifice. At the junction of Downing and Parliament-streets, a range of very fine buildings has been raised from the designs of Mr. Soane, and appropriated to the Council Office, Board of Trade, &c. Externally it is adorned with columns and three-quarter columns, with an enriched entablature and parapet. The whole is executed in free-stone, and finished with the greatest care and skill. On examining the progress of these works in different stages, we have noticed, with much gratification, the very sound and skilful manner in which every part has been constructed, as well as the superior quality of the materials employed in the whole edifice. We hope to see this pile of building continued, both northward, southward, and up Downing-street.

'At Charing Cross several houses, &c. have been taken down, preparatory to the formation of a large square, or open area, on the site of the King's Mews, with wide streets branching from it to the Strand, to Covent-Garden, and to the British Museum. The northern end of the square is to be occupied by a large and grand edifice, for the National Gallery, &c., whilst the Royal Academy, and other public buildings, are to be raised on the east side, paralleled with the front of St. Martin's church. In these proposed improvements, we cannot but regret to observe, that it is designed to have large barracks imme-

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diately behind the National Gallery, thus combining beauty with deformity—objects to gratify the eye and better feelings, with others, to disgust all the moral and intellectual faculties of man. Standing armies are great evils; and to congregate unoccupied and idle soldiers in the very heart of the metropolis, and in juxtaposition with the repositories of art, taste, and refinement, will be a disgrace both to those who propose and to those who sanction such a plan. The fine equestrian group of King Charles, and others of his late and present Majesty, might be advantageously placed in such a situation, to unite with and give picturesque effect to the scenery.

The removal of Carlton Palace, which will be levelled in the course of the present winter, and the handsome square, terrace, fountain, &c., designed by Mr. Nash, to occupy the site, will make a great alteration and improvement to the scenery of Pall Mall and Regent-street.

The Coliseum, or Panorama, that spacious multangular edifice, in the Regent's Park, with a grand Doric portico, has been completed, and a vast panoramic view of London, from the top of St. Paul's church, within its walls, is nearly finished. The whole will be ready for exhibition in the ensuing spring, and must excite much curiosity from its magnitude and novelty. At the north-east angle of the same Park a large piece of ground is laying out for the purpose of forming a menagerie, an aviary, fish ponds, &c., under the sanction of the Zoological Society. Such an object has long been a desideratum in this great metropolis. Madrid and Paris have long possessed such collections; but these are the property of the respective monarchs; but here it will be formed by, and belong to private persons.

A new church, opposite to the north end of Portland-street, in the Paddington-road, and parish of St. Mary-la-bonne, is nearly executed, from the designs of Mr. Soane. East of this, and at the north end of Gower-street, the managers of the London University have purchased a large piece of ground, and have commenced operations for building a spacious and noble edifice, from the designs of W. Wilkins and H. P. Gandy, architects. The builder, Mr. Lee, has contracted to execute the whole, from the plans of the architects, for 107,000*l*. The zeal and indefatigable exertions manifested by the council, and the liberality in which some of them came forward to make up the sum requisite for commencing the works, merits the thanks of every well-wisher to so laudable and meritorious a plan.

A new wing to the British Museum, from the designs of Mr. Smirke, is nearly completed.

The new London Bridge is proceeding with rapidity; and from the sound and scientific manner in which the buttress and two other piers are built, and the acknowledged skill of the engineers and artizans engaged, we may calculate on seeing one of the finest and best bridges of modern, or of ancient times. The fourth coffer dam on the London side was completed and emptied on the 20th of

Nov. 1826. Two arches on the Southwark side are in the progress of building; and one of the piers and sterlings of the old bridge have been removed.

The excavations for, and the formation of, St. Katharine's Dock, near the Tower, are prosecuting with rapidity and zeal: and the Tunnel under the Thames is also advancing in a scientific and successful manner. In Shoreditch a new Gothic church is nearly finished, from the designs of Mr. Nash; and in Bethnal Green another new one is far advanced, from the designs of Mr. Soane. It is to be of the Grecian order, with a tower: was commenced in July, 1825, and is to be completed in April, 1827.

The new Post-Office, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, is fast approaching conclusion, and will constitute one of the most imposing public buildings of the city. Preparatory to the re-erection of the whole of the Blue-Coat School, or Christ's Hospital, in Newgate-street, a spacious and handsome Hall has been erected, from the designs of Mr. Shaw.

A new chapel, of novel design, being of an amphitheatrical form, has been recently completed, from the designs of W. Brooks, architect. It is seated near the Catholic chapel, in Finsbury Circus.

These are the principal improvements and alterations which have taken place within the past year, but the extension of the metropolis towards the surrounding villages is truly surprising, if not alarming;—an inhabitant residing in the heart of the city, will soon require extraordinary pedestrian powers to walk into the fields and return in the same day.

A School for Grown Children. By MORTON London, 1827. Low.

At a very late period of the week, we were favoured with a copy of the above comedy. As we analyzed the plot and gave our opinion of the merits of this piece in the dramatic department of *The Literary Chronicle* last week, we shall now content ourselves with extracting the annexed brief scene, which is clever, terse, and on the stage told admirably well. It is, however, necessary to observe, that young Revel, (a rake of the first order,) is rusticated, and now meets Sir Arthur Stanmore, his wife's brother, a baronet possessing excellent sense, and much real virtue. The difference of opinion between town and country life is well contrasted:—

Enter Sir Arthur Stanmore, with Peasants.

Sir Arthur. My friends, I will devote to-morrow to your service. Mr. Revel, I rejoice to see you.

(Shaking hands.)

Young Revel. Et vous! mon chevalier!

Sir Arthur. Excuse me a moment. My good dame, here is an order for the admission of your husband into the infirmary. My worthy fellow, this is the amount of your deposits in the saving-bank: and, my veteran, here is a certificate for the receipt of your pension; the rest will come to-morrow at the usual hour—and remember to be punctual.

Peasants. Bless your kind honour.

(Exit Peasants.)

Y. Rev. He does not show much blood—one of the useful sort, may be.

Sir Arth. Mr. Revel, pardon me: but with

the children of labour time may be considered as their only property, and it were unpardonable in me to dissipate it. You left town, no doubt, prepared—

Y. Rev. Prepared for the country—Oh, certainly!—filled a portfolio with caricatures; sent down a turning-lathe; packed up some battledores and shuttlecocks; and set my watch by the Horse Guards. *(Showing the time to Sir Arthur.)* I believe that's all that's required; but I fear time will hang confoundedly.

Sir Arth. I hope not; for there is no being who has more active employment than a rich good man. 'Tis idleness, that nurse of vice!—

Y. Rev. Vice! O fie! that term is exclusively confined to cattle; there's nothing vicious now but a horse.

Sir Arth. I stand corrected, and own myself lamentably deficient in the vocabulary of fashionable diction.

Y. Rev. That's a pity—nothing so simple; as thus: what you call night, we call day; for supper, we say dinner; modesty is, with us, ill-breeding; impudence, ease; wicked rascal, irresistible fellow; troublesome creditors, necessary evils; play, business; ruin, style; and sudden death, high life.

Sir Arth. I thank you for my first lesson, and, in return, as your friend—

Y. Rev. Friend! I did not know you had a term for that sort of thing, I had no idea I should want a friend in the country.

Sir Arth. A term for—not want a friend! I believe we had better go back to the vocabulary.

Y. Rev. If you please. A man's friend is his second in a duel; a lady's friend is the gentleman who is so fortunate as to protect her in style.

Sir Arth. Mercy on us! I own, sir, I have not a term for that sort of thing; 'sdeath, he'll corrupt the county in a week. Mr. Revel, I hope I may, without being included in either of your definitions, prove my rustic friendship, by stating that your expenditure appears to be ruinous. The waste in your establishment is—

Y. Rev. Shocking. But, I dare say, if you would arrange matters—

Sir Arth. I arrange—I am your wife's brother, sir! not your servant!

Y. Rev. Don't agitate yourself.

Sir Arth. Your people are incorrigible.

Y. Rev. Then there's no use in finding fault, you know.

Sir Arth. I must command my temper.—One word more, before I finish an interview so little contributory to profit or pleasure. I hope your present residence will prove a furtherance of your domestic happiness, and a benefit to your respectable tenantry. But you must not aim to transplant London habits here; 'tis throwing artificial flowers on the bosom of nature, which are gaudy without sweetness, and choke the healthful produce of the soil. And do me the favour to respect the results of my experience, which assures you, that rural happiness can only be obtained by healthful exertion, exemplary demeanour, and active utility. Good morning. *(Exit.)*

Y. Rev. Upon my word, a remarkably good sort of man! and he took so much pleasure in finding fault, it would have been absolutely savage to have interrupted him.

MAD. DE MAINTENON'S CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued from p. 4.)

LETTERS OF THE PRINCESS DES URSINS.

HAVING, in the course of our first notice of these volumes, several times briefly intimated our opinion of the letters which we are now about to introduce to our readers, we are spared the necessity of any preliminary remark, and proceed at once to our exemplars. The princess is at Madrid, and in September, 1705, thus writes to Madame de Maintenon:—

‘I have been greatly agitated during two hours this morning, madam, from having heard it reported that you were dying. Though I saw no appearance of it, as I had heard from you by the last post in your own hand-writing, I could not restrain my alarms, for bad news flies, and is often heard sooner by the merchants than by the couriers who arrive weekly. Thank God, madam, this report has proved false; you do me the honour to write to me, and you are preparing for the journey to Fontainebleau, where you even take a pleasure in sleeping in our bed, without changing its place, which does not often happen to you; had not your mind been stronger than your person, it would be a strange thing, madam: but I have felt too much the effects of your constant kindness, not to know how much the one is superior to the other. We have received very good news to-day from Barcelona: as the ambassador informs the court of it, I shall not give you the details. There is every reason to hope, from what Don Francisco de Velasco writes, that the archduke will soon re-embark, and that the rebels of Catalonia, on the arrival of the troops which the King of Spain sends in that direction, will repent of the false step they have taken. Not a moment is lost here in adopting every measure which is supposed most efficacious for the service of his Catholic majesty. I cannot conceive how M. Amelot and M. Orry undergo all they perform. The Marshal de Tessé is not more at rest where he is; and I can assure you that each, so far as concerns his station, neglects nothing that he ought to do. The perfect harmony that exists amongst us is a great advantage; I hope it will increase every day, and that at length those persons whose only aim is to disunite us, will perceive their machinations become useless. It is, however, certain that there are still seeds in Madrid which ought to be rooted out; I saw a proof of it only three days ago, which it seems necessary that I ought to state to you. A little Genoese, named Viganego, the agent and pensioner of M. M. D’Estrées, and, perhaps, also of M. De Gramont, having constantly attended him when here, and being a particular friend of Destrae, a confidential servant of the duke; this said M. Viganego went to all the grandees of his acquaintance, reporting that the ambassador knew nothing whatever of what had passed in the affair of the grandees, as he had told him, and that he disapproved of it, as well as of many other things which the King of Spain was made to do; and that the minister and myself did not act in concert; yet there was not a single

step taken in the affair alluded to, nor any other on which we did not perfectly agree: thus it is mere malice on the part of this individual, in order that it may reach me from various quarters that the ambassador wishes to throw upon my shoulders that responsibility, which he shares in an equal degree, and which does not please these gentlemen, though they have no reason to complain of what their king has done on this occasion. One of those persons had the honesty to come and inform me of the reports which the Genoese circulated, to make enemies for me; and told me, at the same time, that I might name him to M. Amelot, well knowing it was a malicious rumour, in order that we might be aware it is intended to cause a quarrel between us, by spreading false reports. When I first heard of it, I confided the whole to the ambassador; I proved to him that there was an old intrigue, which it was necessary to eradicate, and we agreed that I should request the king to order Mr. Viganego to quit Spain. Had I adopted this plan on my arrival at Madrid against those I suspect, and with good cause, most assuredly I should have acted a wise part; but I can say with truth, that I naturally feel great repugnance in resolving on giving pain to any one. I felt a great deal on hearing all the slanders, which those who are envious of our friend, the Marshal de Villeroi, have uttered against him; will people at court never cease blaming men because they are unfortunate? The Flemings do more justice to that general: we have many of them here, who have received letters from their friends in Brussels filled with his praises; the Duke d’Havré has just been speaking to me of him with every sentiment of esteem, in the presence of old officers, who have seen him display all the qualities which ought to be praised in a general. This Duke d’Havré, madam, appears to be a very worthy and amiable man; the Duchess de Rohan confided to me, before my departure from Paris, that she thought of marrying her daughter to him; his circumstances are not flourishing, and this is all in which he is deficient for making him a good match in every respect.

‘So poor Madame de Grignan is dead from the ignorance of a quack! She, who had so much genius, and who piqued herself on knowing medicine as well as she did the philosophy of Descartes; how could she have placed herself in such hands? What faults are committed by the most enlightened persons! The marriage which it is supposed M. de Grignan will make, appears to me, with your permission, ridiculous. At his age, and broken down, as he seemed to me when the queen passed through Marseilles, can he pretend to leave heirs? I cannot well imagine what fancy one can have, in a state of decrepitude, of marrying again to have children, and leaving a name to posterity, which is often badly supported. However, this kind of madness has been established by wise people long since, or at least by those who had that character; therefore, perhaps it is I who am wrong in disapproving it.

‘I was extremely sorry when I heard that the Marquis d’Alegre had been taken pri-

soner; he is a good general, brave, zealous, and a very worthy man, who merits the king’s favour.

‘I participate in the satisfaction you feel, madam, at seeing the grand prior again at Versailles; he is in his element there, and it would be cruel not to let him remain. As for his brother, I think that M. de Saint-Fremont was right in fancying he saw in him Henry IV. when rallying his troops, speaking as he used to do to his soldiers, and in showing them that example of bravery which they so well imitated. Still, however, I retain a doubt of the resemblance being complete; that is, of wishing to know if the stock or cravat of the great monarch was full of snuff as that of the Duke de Vendôme, his descendant: I confess to you that I should like to ascertain this point. I give you, madam, a thousand humble thanks for having had the goodness to recommend to me the Marquis de Brancas; I shall endeavour not to be useless to him in whatever he may reasonably require; I have heard nothing but the best reports of him.

‘The queen has taken baths, which she finds agree with her; her majesty will continue her medicines, and I shall view this with more confidence, when we have the opinion of M. Fagon, whom I do not esteem less than you do, notwithstanding his repugnance to bark and bleeding.

‘The king has received letters from the viceroy of Valencia, and from M. de Zeniga, who informs him that the latter has defeated five hundred rebels near Valencia, and that he has cleared the road for going to attack Denia, which it is supposed will not make any resistance, having for its defence only a few paltry militia, which the enemy threw into it on their march to Catalonia. When the cavalry, which his Catholic majesty has sent in that direction, shall appear, it is to be hoped the rebels in the principality of Catalonia will repent of their rashness, and the archduke be forced to re-embark. In short, madam, all hopes are for us. I wish the Marshal de Villars would restrain the audacity of my Lord Marlborough. I am truly sorry for the Princess de Soubise, as you say, should she die, she will be a great loss to her family, though she will not leave them badly settled. Madame de Ventadour never ceases to perform all the duties of a good relative and good friend for me. Madam, I shall never fail in my duty to you.’

The liberality of feeling and openness of disposition, which characterise the effusions of the princess, contrast strikingly with the prudent timid conduct of Madame de Maintenon; particularly as regards the Marshal de Villeroi, and his ill fortune in the field: dating from Lerma, in July, 1706, the princess says, ‘how I pity Marshal de Villeroi! Hated by the public, which never pardons; incapable, for the future, of rendering the essential services to his master, with which he might flatter himself; and more unfortunate still from the fatal and weighty consequences of the loss which he has sustained; I think he must be almost deranged, and insensible to every thing but his misfortunes.’ And in the letter succeeding that from which

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we have extracted the above paragraph, we find her thus solicitously recurring to the affairs of the marshal:—

‘As to Marshal de Villeroi’s affair, I do not recognise him as the same man, from what you tell me of his proceedings; for after so many unfortunate reverses, he ought to have been the first to have demanded his recall, as the only measure he had to adopt. How much men are to be pitied, and how little they know how to act when despair deranges their natural state of mind! The king appears to me still greater by his compassion for him on this occasion, than by all his other virtues, which oblige even his enemies to admire him; and I am very sorry that the public are ignorant of the particulars, which prove beyond contradiction, that his majesty is the best friend and most generous man upon earth. *I shall be bolder than you, for I am about writing to Marshal de Villeroi; but I shall, nevertheless, send you the letter open, in order that you may destroy it if you do not approve its contents. My object is to praise him as if he had done all that was possible, not being allowed, as I think, otherwise to alarm so estimable and unfortunate a friend. Good God! how I fear lest all these disagreeable circumstances should give the king great uneasiness and affect his health! As to other matters, I care but little about them, because God and his majesty will provide a remedy, but I shudder when I think of this last misfortune.*’ * * * * *

‘Permit me to ask you, what prevents you from seeing Marshal de Villeroi, who is in attendance at court? Nothing would be better calculated, I should think, than a charming conversation like yours to dissipate the sadness with which he is reproached by the courtiers, as well as his grief. If his aunt, the lady of Marshal de la Maille, knew of it, she would doubtless ask, what kind of a face is one to put on at court? as she said of two women, who were the objects of some jokes, because one had a nose a little too long, and the other’s was a little too short! Indeed, it is very embarrassing how to act; and it appears to me, that, having so short a time to live as we have, we should not take a pleasure in tormenting one another, if only because it abridges our existence; it would surely be better to live in peace and harmony.’

The following epistle exhibits the princess in her three-fold character, as a friend, politician, and prudent Catholic:—

‘I thought I should have it in my power to send you by the courier which M. Amelot despatches to the court, a very long letter, to relieve my troubles and perhaps your own, as it is to me a great comfort to unbosom myself to so kind a friend, whose heart is full of goodness, and who is pleased to honour me with her confidence; but I do not know whether I shall have leisure, because I am interrupted every moment, and poor courtiers come to me at all hours, forcing more easily my intrinsements, than those of your impenetrable apartment. The prince has much more reason, with your permission, than you have, when he blames your conduct

in this respect. Are you not ashamed, madam, to have shut your door to the elector of Cologne? What will this prince say of such a thing? He will be much astonished to have received from the royal family every possible attention, and from the king so much civility, and to have failed in wishing to become acquainted with a person who is honoured by his friendship. You have made a fine blunder, madam; you will be thought either capricious or vulgar by the prince, and perhaps both one and the other. Certainly if I had had the honour of being near you, I should have given you no rest on this occasion; and I think I should have obtained my object, as in the case of the Duke and Duchess of Alba, whose presence, thank God, has caused you no harm. I am not surprised to hear the elector makes himself so agreeable, since he is neither importunate nor importuning; and such a character must suit every body, though it is seldom accompanied by politeness. I am not at all surprised that he admires the king, as in order to do this, it is merely sufficient to know him by his fame, and all the other great actions which illustrate his life; but I should be extremely astonished if he did not think him the most amiable of men, after having enjoyed the honour of his conversation; and I am persuaded that his greatest enemies, were they near him, would change their opinions of him. If the fortune of war had made the Duke of Savoy prisoner, and he had been conducted into France, I should not have despaired of the king working this miracle in his royal highness. What a source of joy it would have been to our two princesses, and what a *denouement* of the drama!

‘The recovery of the Duke of Orleans’ health is a great blessing. The Prince de Vaudement writes to the King of Spain, to say, that he hopes soon to be able to re-enter the Milanese at the head of his army. In that case, we might check the career of our enemies, provided the general officers choose for the future to prefer glory to the pleasures of Paris, where you say they wish to entice his royal highness, who is not insensible to their enjoyment, but who knows how to refrain when his reputation and the public good are at stake. What, then, is the matter with our Frenchmen, if what is published respecting the greatest part be true? I no longer recognise them, and am truly grieved. The Duchess of Burgundy has many sources of trouble at once, and I sincerely pity her. However, all her sentiments are so just, that my admiration of her increases, and I am delighted with her affection for the king, and her friendship for you. If you could not endure me while enjoying the repose of my inactivity, you must be well satisfied when I inform you that since my return to Madrid, I have not had a single moment without having my brain turned. Why do you wish me so much evil, madam, when I desire you so much good? To revenge myself, I will often give you an account of the tiresome things which I hear, and perhaps at last you will cry out for quarter, and will be the first to advise me never to listen to public affairs, in order that I may not turn your brain also.

‘I have received letters from M. Orry, begging me to indicate to him how he should act in order to please their Catholic majesties. I have replied to him to-day very naturally what I think, and what I have done, of which I inclose you a copy; and I have taken the liberty of writing to the prince, to inclose my letter to him for M. Orry, because he had intimated that he wished to know upon what footing he was with me. I have lived too long not to know that there would be often great imprudence in telling one’s thoughts, but I certainly never affirm to the contrary. I have seldom known a man possessed of a stronger mind than Orry, nor of more daring intrepidity, and such characters are not very common; proper persons for embassies are still more so. Why should those who are called Jansenists, and those of the other party, interfere to prevent you from sending to Rome individuals who are, or are not, of their opinions? Is this still a subject of conversation where you are? It appears to me, that they should postpone their disputes until after the general peace, and then recommence their civil wars, knock off one another’s caps, if it should be their pleasure, but now we have more serious matters on hand; and for my own part, I have regarded these parties with so much indifference, that I have scarcely wished to hear them spoken of, and I always choose my confessors exempt from hatred or friendship for them. I have found one of them here, a pious monk, who had the honour of being confessor to the late Queen Maria Theresa: he is a Cordelier, who loves our king with all his heart, and who puts up daily prayers for him. I know, by experience, the pains that afflict you; they are acute and very disagreeable, therefore I pity you from my soul; however, I should dread still more than you the fever, for it is more dangerous. It is very difficult to avoid indispositions when the blood is continually agitated by mental and bodily afflictions, but it is to be hoped there will be an end of it, although the time will appear to me very long until I know that you are at ease. Mine depends upon yours, for I cannot be happy when you are not so.’

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE PAMPHLETEER, NO. LIII.

VOLUME XXVII.

THE present number of this deservedly popular periodical, is chiefly devoted to the great subjects of Catholicism, Political Economy, and Absenteeism. The last mentioned of these subjects is taken up by Mr. Henry Gardiner, of Liverpool, and he handles it in a very masterly and conclusive manner. We can afford space but for one brief example of the style in which this writer treats a subject, on which, perhaps, more has been written, and less understood, than of any other of the favourite themes of the last few years. Mr. McCulloch asserts, that, ‘if the remittances to absentee landlords amount to three millions a year, were the absentee landlords to return home to Ireland, the foreign trade of Ireland would

be diminished to that amount; upon which, Mr. H. Gardiner observes:—

'This most monstrous assertion I pronounce to be totally unsupportable. It is utterly impossible for absentees to increase the exports of Ireland one grain beyond their own consumption of Irish commodities, or an equivalent amount of English commodities. Would the English men and the English horses leave off eating? Why, if all the Irish landlords were to go back again, and all the English landlords accompany them, there would be exactly as much corn exported from Ireland to England as there is now,—less their particular consumption.

'If the foreign trade of Ireland is increased by exports to the extent of the particular consumption of absentees, it is evidently diminished by decrease of imports, in consequence of their absence, to the same extent. I will leave the advocates for absenteeism to strike a balance, in this case, in their favour, if they can: they will find that there is just as much decrease of imports as increase of exports; for the value of the exports being consumed abroad by the absentee, nothing can be sent to Ireland for them.

'Mr. McCulloch speaks generally of exports from Ireland as foreign trade. Surely if the trade between England and Ireland is foreign trade, the trade between England and Scotland is also foreign trade: but it was necessary for Mr. McCulloch so to consider it, having assumed that it is of no importance whether Irish revenue be expended in Dublin, or in London, or in Paris.

'Now I rather think that when an absentee goes to France, he does not consume one single article either of Irish or of English produce, and few, if any, of British colonial produce. He eats French meat and French bread, drinks French coffee, wears French clothes, French linens, French silks, French hats, French shoes, and I dare say, carefully avoids every thing which he could get at home: the ladies, to be sure, do sometimes buy some very fine English lace, but I am afraid we cannot give the dear creatures much credit for patriotism in mistaking it for French.

'Foreign trade is an exchange of the capital, or productions of one country, for the productions, or capital of another country; but no such exchange takes place here. When it is shown in what way any thing is received in Ireland for the expenditure of absentees, I will then admit that it is foreign trade. But I do not call the expenditure of British revenue in a foreign country, foreign trade; or admit that it can in any way increase foreign trade: it is not trade at all. The thing lies in a short compass. I want to know what Ireland receives for what is sent from Ireland.

'If foreign trade consists of an interchange of commodities, as I think must be granted, it follows that, without an interchange of commodities, there can be no foreign trade: now, it is evident that, in the case of absenteeism, the only thing that constitutes foreign trade is wanting; there is no interchange of commodities. It is an export without an import. Nothing is received by Ireland for what is sent from Ireland. If you export

the consumer as well as the revenue, how is the foreign trade to be produced? If the landlord stays at home, there will, indeed, be a foreign trade; he will want wines, spirits, teas, spices, and various kinds of colonial produce, which will be sent to him in return for the produce of his estates; but, if he goes to London, or to Paris, to procure and consume those things there, instead of increasing, he diminishes the foreign trade of Ireland.

'It makes a vast difference to the people of Ireland, to the whole mass of shopkeepers, and other tradesmen, with their families and dependants, down to the very porters in the streets, whether three millions of Irish revenue be expended in Ireland, or elsewhere. It makes also some difference to the shipping interest, whether, after having carried the produce of the absentee landlords' estates to England, the vessels shall return to Ireland in ballast, or with teas, sugar, coffee, and other kinds of merchandise, for the consumption of resident landlords; and this I call diminishing instead of increasing, the foreign trade of Ireland.

'Some Irish landlords receive their rents in produce, which their agents consign to factors in Liverpool or London, for sale for the landlords' account, to whom the factors remit the proceeds; other Irish landlords, who receive their rents in produce, sell it to merchants in Ireland, and those merchants export it to Liverpool or London.

'There is a certain quantity of Irish produce consumed annually in England; it seems almost superfluous to say, that, if any part thereof is exported by absentees, there must be so much less exported by merchants. If every Irish landlord were to export his own rents in produce, the merchants could not export much: an absentee cannot take commodities with him, or have them sent to him, without clashing with the merchant.

'The consumption of every market for every article having its limits, it can take no more of any than its regular wants require; and with whatever portion it is supplied by one, it must be supplied with so much less by another.

'I suppose it will be granted that there is a certain annual consumption of linen in all European countries; and that this consumption does not vary very much, but is in one year much about the same as in another year. Now we will suppose that the Irish merchants are in the habit of exporting annually to a particular country, linens to the amount of £100,000, and that absentees also take over with them, or have sent to them, linens to the same amount. There will then be £200,000 worth of linens in a country, whose regular annual consumption is only £100,000 worth; so that, unless the people of that country can be persuaded to wear two shirts instead of one, I am afraid the absentee gentlemen would find it a very dull market. The idea, therefore, that absentees increase the foreign trade of a country beyond the amount of their own consumption of its commodities, is quite erroneous.'

This article is an original contribution. It is followed by a reprint of the liberal, witty,

and argumentative letter of the Rev. Sydney Smith on the Catholic Question. The other articles, (and they are all important and attractive,) are an Examination of the Respective Situations of the Reformed Church in France, and of the Roman Catholics in Great Britain and Ireland; with Short Remarks on Catholic Emancipation, by J. W. Croft, (original;) *De la Constitution de l'Angleterre, et des Changemens Principaux qu'elle a éprouvés, tant dans son Esprit que dans sa Forme, depuis son Origine jusqu'à nos Jours; avec Quelques Remarques sur l'Ancienne Constitution de la France,—par un Anglais; Observations on Mr. Ricardo's Principles of Political Economy and Taxation, by Henry Jemmet, (original;)* Mr. Higgins's *Horæ Sabbaticæ*; a Letter to Mr. Higgins on the same subject, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes; Mr. Western's admirable Letter to Lord Liverpool, on the Cause of our present Embarrassment and Distress, and the Remedy; and Observations on Mr. McCulloch's Doctrines respecting the Corn Laws, and the Rate of Wages, &c. &c.; by Godfrey Higgins, Esq., (original.) The mere enumeration of these articles must evince that The Pamphleteer possesses the same taste in selection, and the same distinguished support which early raised it so high in public estimation, and seems likely to maintain it there.

The Son of a Genius: a Tale for Youth. By Mrs. HOFLAND, Author of *Daughter of a Genius, &c.* New Edition, revised and enlarged, by the Author. Harris. 1827.

It is very unusual praise to say of any work that, 'it has been translated into every European language; and in France, Germany, and Holland gone through numerous editions; that the *wise* have condescended to praise it; the *good* to circulate it;' yet this has been truly said of Mrs. Hofland's *Son of a Genius*; a new and improved edition of which now lies before us. Mrs. H. has rewritten and enlarged the story; and though, when we first perused this admirable production several years since, we conceived it incapable of improvement, we confess that the interest is now considerably heightened. Perhaps no volume of the kind ever more clearly and beautifully illustrated the important fact that, 'a great mind *can* take in petty cares, an aspiring genius stoop to petty details, since it is impossible to be virtuous and pious without it; and no one can deny that virtue is the crown of genius, and religion the very soul of virtue.'

A Compendious Introduction to the Study of the Bible. By THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, M. A. Illustrated with Maps and other Engravings, pp. 538. 1827. London, Cadell; Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Miliken, Dublin.

THIS volume is offered to the public as an abridgment of the author's four octavo volumes, entitled *An Introduction to the critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures*; a work so well known, and so justly appreciated, that when we say the present is an admirably executed analysis thereof, we have said enough to recommend it to all who are engaged in theological inquiry.

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ORIGINAL.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK.

THE mighty hath fallen!
There's woe o'er the land—
Yet his death was in peace,
Nor by ball nor by brand.

Hark! through the lordly halls and princely towers
A wail of woe is ringing;
And o'er the dark and silent hours
The bells their tones are flinging.
Pale Sorrow sits beside his bier,
And Hope the scene hath fled, and left behind a tear.

No more in proud array,
Shall he, by Albion's chiefs surrounded,
Hail with joy the bannered day;
But with the senseless marble bounded
That heart which answered to the trumpet's bray,
Shall coldly moulder, silently away.

What sob is that from Windsor's halls
Breaks on the toneless ear of night,
And tells that anguish now appals
A spirit, with its deadly blight?

'Tis his, the monarch's!—For the one who sleeps,
Britannia's lord, a royal brother weeps.
Nor he—but eyes unused a tear to shed,
That sternly on Death's fleshless brow have gazed,
Nor quailed where carnage met, and cannons blazed,
Now dimmed and moistened, mourn that he is dead—
The warrior's princely friend, with whom they fought
and bled.

See at the midnight hour, the torches flash
On the mirk darkness of the ebon sky.
Hark! to the muffled drum, the weapons' clash,
The measured tread of England's chivalry,
All of our best and bravest now are by,
To grace this gorgeous, deep, and last solemnity.
Sleep on, York's duke, and if thy earth's career
Were sometimes chequered with a passing folly,
Its record shall be blotted by a tear,
And wholly lost amid our melancholy.
Oh! may thy home be Heaven—may life to thee
Prove an untroubled, bright, and blessed eternity!
Jan. 19th, 1827. J. J. L.

SPECIMENS OF ITALIAN POETRY.

PIGNOTTI'S FABLES.

ANOTHER of Pignotti's failings is the inordinate length to which most of his pieces are extended. We do not want a flourish of three pages long before we come to the pith and gist of the tale. When we sit down to table, we like to have the first course awaiting us—not to sit there examining the knives and plates, whilst a legion of servants are marshalling in the feast. Besides, the programme to a fable, like a first course, should be short and light—a mere introduction to the more substantial fare which is to succeed. But Pignotti's fables are just the reverse of this; he gives you the roast beef and plum-pudding first, and the soup and fish afterwards. Execrable taste! This makes his stories somewhat like the Ogre, in Jack the Giant Killer, all head and no body. This is unfortunate for him as well as us, because the length of his fables and the confined space of our limits compels us, though with the most earnest desire to show him off to the best advantage, to make our extracts rather with an eye to their longitude than to their intrinsic merits. Writers who spin their web to such an extent, should remember that all men are not such conjurors as tavern keepers, who have the art of compressing a quart of wine into a pint decanter.

But our article seems inclined to run into the very extreme for which we are censuring Pignotti. We shall, therefore, proceed without more vapouring, to translate a specimen

or two from our author. Pignotti has followed the example of his predecessors, by revoking the older fables of antiquity. This new edition of Pilpay and Co. is no improvement upon the old, because the few additional touches of wit which he occasionally throws are not sufficient to make amends for the super-extra portion of words and syllables. The following fable, however, is prettily versified, and may be taken, on the whole, as a very fair specimen of Pignotti's general style and talent. The poetry is easy and graceful, and not altogether devoid of simple feeling:—

'THE BUTTERFLY AND THE ROSE-TREE.

A butterfly, as bright as May,
Went flitting through the garden fair;
On flow'r and herb her wings display
Their gaudy hue and colours rare.
Her little breast, where'er she flew
Shone gaily in its golden dress;
In sooth, she seemed well pleased to view
Her own excessive loveliness.

From shrub to shrub, from tree to tree,
She flutters on—away, away—
Selecting which most fair should be,
To build her home and make her stay.

The oak and ash she passes by;
The olive green and stately pine—
"They're all too common," peevishly
She sighs and says, "for me and mine."

At length she spies the vernal rose,
Upon her stalk of purest green,
Her lips of ruddy light disclose,
And dewy brow—the garden's queen.

"Be this, be this my home," she said,
And on its fragrant breast she lighted;
The downy leaves are wide display'd,
To greet a guest so ill requited.

Her little house was quickly made,
As busily she laboured there;
Within their purple nest were laid
The tender objects of her care.

Ah! foolish insect! scarce the day
Had spread abroad his golden wing,
Ere scorched beneath the downward ray,
Her beauteous flower was withering.

Next morning, sorrowful she sees
Her drooping flower all bleak and bare;
Her home is scatter'd to the breeze—
Her young are lying lifeless there.

They're silly insects who delight
In flowers their homes to place;
But have the schemes of men, Sir Knight,
Perchance a firmer base?"

There are, amongst the collection, some few fables of Pignotti's own creation; but they are, as we have before stated, by no means the best. We quote one, however, because it is short, and the idea good; though, to say the truth, it ought rather to be called a simile than a fable.

'THE TREE OF SCIENCE, OR PHILOSOPHICAL SYSTEMS.

Most fortunate you deem that mind, whose power
Can search creation's mysteries, and shed
A light athwart the clouds that o'er us lower—
Most fortunate—but who shall do the deed?
Adam, who pluck'd the tree of knowledge first,
What learned he, but his nakedness?—accurst.

He blushed, and clothed himself in leaves. And so,
With such like reasoning the proud and vain
Philosopher has learnt himself to know.—

Ashamed, he ekes out fictions from his brain,
And calls them systems.—They are but the dress
Which cloak and varnish o'er his nakedness. H. L.

GAY'S EPITAPH.

'CAN you,' says a correspondent, 'spare a corner of *The Literary Chronicle* for the purpose of pointing out and reprobating the following couplet, produced, and I think designed by Gay, for his monumental inscription:—

"Life's a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it."

It can never be too late to set about exposing falsehood and immorality, especially when they pass muster under the specious garb of an innocent couplet, or under the authority of established authorship. A sentiment in theory more false, and in practical influence more injurious, it is not easy to conceive; and I consider it of the highest importance to the interests of society, and to the impressing of serious truths on the minds of our rising generation, to resist, with the energy of truth and the firmness of strong conviction, a doctrine, which threatens to be more destructive, as it is conveyed in an apparently harmless axiom, and as the settled and last opinion of a man, respected in his day for amiable manners and inoffensive life.

'LIFE IS NOT A JEST; he who travels with pain and anxiety, the rugged road,—who wakes to labour, and sleeps without refreshment; or even the more fortunate man, whose paths are apparently covered with flowers, but ultimately and invariably planted with thorns, will tell us another tale. All things above, all things around, and all underneath us, confirm a different opinion; they feelingly tell us that the present is a scene of trial, toil, and preparation, an awful and momentous portion of existence, on the well or ill employing of which, and on the motives by which we are influenced, the happiness or the misery of ten thousand times ten thousand years depends.

'To represent as trifling or unimportant, so arduous a struggle between passion and reason, between resolution and infirmity, I cannot but consider as unchristian, inexpedient and criminal; it is like supposing the ocean wrought into tempest, or the raging elements set in an uproar, to waft the bulk of a feather, or to drown the dimensions of a fly.'

Extraordinary instance of enthusiastic feeling for the grand effects of Nature.—In the year 1820, Captain Hastings, then on a voyage between the Island of Madagascar and the Cape of Good Hope, was overtaken by a violent storm. The furious turmoil of the ocean,—the mightiness of the surging waves,—the blackness of the water,—and the vivid effects of the lightning coming athwart the dark curtain of the heavens, he beheld with an intensity of feeling, that almost entirely absorbed every consideration of personal safety. Having taken the necessary means for the security of his vessel, and anxious to contemplate the grandeur of the scene, he ordered himself to be lashed to an elevated part of his ship, that, during the raging of the tempest, he might not only study, but actually sketch the terrific appearances around him. Collected amidst the uproar of the elements, and regardless of danger, he produced a faithful and spirited drawing of a storm at sea,

full of all the fury and sublimity of his subject. This drawing he sent to the Royal Academy, where it was exhibited the following year, and attracted peculiar attention. — *Rhode's Yorkshire Scenery.*

SONNET.

On! what a night is this! the death-fraught gale
From hyperborean mountains seeks its way,
And tears the swelling sea-wave into spray;
Nor dares the rain-drench'd seaman spread a sail,
Hark! 'twixt the thunders that my ears assail,
Did not I hear a gun which spoke distress?
Again it sounds!—oh! state no hope can bless!
No pow'r, but power Almighty, can avail.—
That vivid flash of Heaven's ethereal fire
Disclosed the vessel driving to the shore;
Ah! that loud crash proclaims fate's bitter ire,
'The gallant ship has sunk, to rise no more!
Sharp rocks have pierc'd its side, and each green wave
Will bear some drowning seaman to his ocean grave.

J. M. L.

THE SOUL: A THOUGHT.

THE soul is a sociable thing,
For though pure and immortal and high,
Just as *body* the balance may fling,
It is willing to grovel or fly.

This at least is the case with my own soul,
And disastrous it fancies its lot,
Doomed to wander a sad and a lone soul,
And leave its old comrade to rot!

OTHER THOUGHTS ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

E'EN the bishop, though paid a good share of
The goods that pertain to our clay,
Man's frail feeble soul to take care of,
And point out its heavenward way;
Even he, wit' strange candour, professes,—
Despite all trusts to, and knows,
That as years gather o'er him, the less his
Reliance on such matters grows;
Now, were his right reverend brothers
As candid and honest as he,
What a saving of purses and potheres,
What a beautiful change we might see!
There would still be a chance for the spirit
To wander in bliss or in bale,
If, according to mischief or merit,
'Tis intended to wallow or sail;
Whilst two or three millions of *bodies*,
Now wasted and withered and worn,
And trampled upon as a clod is,
Would be buoyant as creatures new born!
But the subject I dare not peruse, so
Thick and bright the dear images rise,
And I know that, alas! should I do so,
The vain dream would but dazzle my eyes!*

J. W. D.

* Our opinions on many important subjects are formed as much on prejudice as on reason; and when an opinion is once taken up, it is seldom changed, especially in matters not admitting any criterion of certainty. When I went to the university, I was of opinion, as most school-boys are, that the soul was a substance distinct from the body, and that, when a man died, he, in classical phrase, breathed out his soul, *animam expiravit*; that it then went, I knew not whither, as it had come into the body from I knew not where, nor when; and had dwelt in the body during life, but in what part of the body it had dwelt I knew not. So deeply rooted was this notion of the flight of the soul somewhere after death, as well as of its having existed somewhere before birth, that I perfectly well remember having much puzzled my childish apprehension, before I was twelve years old, with asking myself this question—'Had I not been the son of Mr. and Mrs. Watson, whose son should I have been?' This notion of the soul was, without doubt, the offspring of prejudice and ignorance; and I must own that my knowledge of the nature of the soul is much the same now as it was then. I have read volumes on the subject, but I have no scruple in saying, that I know nothing about it.—*Life of Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, written by himself: 1818.*

STANZAS.

Why when the storm is up, and winds are loud,
And the hoarse heavy torrent dashes down,
Why seems my spirit joyful and unbowed,
Why am I unoppressed by Nature's frown?
Is it because in my seared heart hath grown
Strange sympathy with tempest and with gloom?
Or is it that when joy was most my own
That joy no heavenly radiance did illumine,
And even when brightest seemed to breathe but of
the tomb?

Even as the war-note to the warrior's ear,
Comes with a full and spirit-stirring charm,
So comes to mine, even when most severe,
And when most fit the feeble to alarm;
So comes to mine, as if devoid of harm,
Approaching winter's wild and wayward blast!
And though I love the summer's gentle calm,
Yet all so darkly hath my fate been cast,
I hail more fondly still the storm-encircled waste.

D.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Kean's return has been very beneficial to the treasury of this theatre. He played Richard on Monday, and is going through all his best characters. The lessee of this house paid him £5000 while in America: other engagements made the sum he netted exceed £8000; and now that he is restored to his friends—the public, the manager, and the tragedian, are all benefited.

COVENT GARDEN.—Some time since, in our notice of the complete success of Mr. Pennie's tragedy of *Ethelwolf*, at the Theatre Royal, Weymouth, we had occasion to mention a Miss Hargrave, who played the highly interesting heroine in that piece. This lady has attained considerable histrionic fame in the western provinces, and, on Monday evening, she made her first appearance at Covent Garden as Constance, in Shakspeare's tragedy of *King John*. Miss Hargrave, although she does not possess that majesty of figure and ideal perfection of sublime beauty in which our imagination invests the princely but wretched Constance, so as to fulfil expectations or rather hopes, yet is her form pleasing, her action graceful and dignified, and her face far from wanting the power of expressing the lofty passions of the soul, when called into action by circumstance and situation. This lady gives the highest promise; for she possesses with her other requisites so indispensable to the attainment of greatness in her arduous profession, a taste and feeling exquisitely alive to the poetic beauties of our inimitable bard, and she gave us many of them with such truth to nature, energy, and effect, as fully satisfied us that her dramatic talents are of no common order. On her *entré* in the second act of the piece, she was received with that warmth of applause which a London audience always so kindly and feelingly bestows on the trembling *debutante*. She at first appeared overpowered, but rose in confidence, energy, vigour, and effect, with every succeeding scene. We do not wish to rate Miss Hargrave's talents beyond their true deserving; and we appeal in proof of our remarks, to the sympathy of the delighted audience, and to those tears which her wild and half-distracted lamentations for her murdered Arthur, won from those who entered into her feelings. That the following lines were never given with greater force, even in

the days of Mrs. Barry, was fully evinced by the loud and universal applause which immediately succeeded:—

'Here I and Sorrow sit;

Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.'

The field is open to Miss Hargrave; her first effort has been happy and abundant of rich promise:—let her proceed in full confidence, and when a few faults, which we cannot now stop to point out, are corrected, and those fears which must ever attend a first appearance on the metropolitan stage, of one so replete with sensibility and refinement as Miss Hargrave appears to be, shall have subsided into tranquillity, the victory will be hers, and her talents crowned with that success and renown to which they are entitled. Mr. C. Kemble was excellent in the part of Falconbridge, and Young merited the applause which he received by his energetic delivery of many of the speeches of *King John*, which had a distant allusion to the times, and were therefore rendered doubly effective.

Morton's new comedy, *The School for Grown Children*, has been much improved since its first representation. In speaking last week of the way in which this play was announced for repetition, by some mistake, the word opera was used instead of comedy.

ROYAL WEST LONDON THEATRE.—*Sociétés Françaises*.—Monday being the anniversary of the birth of Molière, his *chef-d'œuvre*, *Le Tartuffe*, was repeated: we have already spoken of this piece as here played. English visitors are much pleased with the chaste expression of the performers; for although the representation more resembles a public reading, by all the dramatic personæ, than the acting of an English play, it is free from the ignorant coarseness of Mawworm, and has many other peculiarities truly gratifying to correct taste, and consistent with the legitimate objects of the drama: indeed, *Le Tartuffe* is a glorious instance of dramatic effect—it alone has greater power to counteract the encroaching spirit of priestcraft than all other combinations. After the play a musical monody composed in honour of Molière's memory was sung by the corps dramatique: it is cleverly written—chaste, and full of point: one stanza, complimentary to the country which gave birth to Shakspeare, hailed it as a fit asylum for the spirit of that genius which could be breathed freely in no other country in Europe. Each character, *Tartuffe's* excepted, had a wreath of honour for their bard's brow; but *Tartuffe's* verse emphatically declared that he would offer none: as, had it not been for Molière, the hypocrites on the continent might still have revelled unmasked beneath the garb of sanctity, in that hidden licentiousness which had been his glory. The house was crowded, and their unanimous plaudits bespoke general delight.

Madame Pasta's *debut* at Naples has not been very fortunate; notwithstanding the plaudits of the court party, and the tact of Signor Barbaia, she was received most coldly in the character of *Medea*.—*Le Globe*.

Mr. Stone, of the Bowery Theatre, New York, has written a play on the events of the

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ANDWEEKLY REVIEW.

late English banker, Fauntleroy, located in France, and called The Banker of Rouen. It has been represented and repeated at the Fayette Theatre.—*Quebec Gazette.*

VARIETIES.

The remains of His Royal Highness the Duke of York laid in state at St. James's Palace, with all the pomp and honour due to his exalted rank, Thursday and yesterday; this day (Saturday) the body will be removed, in the order officially announced, to Windsor, where it will be interred in St. George's Chapel, in the presence of the royal family and the most distinguished personages in the kingdom.

We have received an early copy of The Revue Encyclopédique of the month of December, from which we have taken the following extract, which gives an account of the number of periodicals published in London, up to the end of 1826:—

QUARTERLY PUBLICATIONS.

Philosophical and natural sciences ..	6	} 27
Religious and moral sciences	9	
Literature and fine arts	12	

MONTHLY PUBLICATIONS.

Philosophical and natural sciences....	17	} 88
Religious and moral sciences....	44	
Literature and fine arts	27	

WEEKLY PUBLICATIONS.

Philosophical and natural sciences....	7	} 27
Religious and moral sciences	6	
Literature and fine arts	14	

Total 142

M. Degeorge, one of the contributors to The Revue Encyclopédique, has given, in several numbers of this excellent French periodical, a short impartial review of all the 142 publications mentioned here.

Benefactors of Mankind.—A monk invented gunpowder; a bishop bombs; a benedictine artillery, and a capuchin, (Father Joseph) first suggested the introduction of paid spies in the police and *lettres-de-cachets*.

Captain Lyon, who accompanied Captain Parry on the northern expedition, and is an excellent draftsman, has just returned, via New York, from Mexico, in the Panther, which was driven on shore at Holyhead on Sunday last. He had been engaged by the Real del Monte Mining Company, and had brought home a number of maps and plans relative to the mines, all of which we hear have been totally lost. The letters brought by this packet were fished up, but are illegible from their immersion in the sea.

Almacks in India.—When Sir John M'Pherson was governor-general of India, most of his staff consisted of Scotch gentlemen, whose names began with Mac. The Honourable Mr. Fitzroy used to call the government-house, 'Almacks'; 'for,' said he, 'if you stand in the middle of the court and call Mac, you will have a head popped out of every window.'

Manufacture of Paper in the United States.—There are now fifty mills in Massachusetts for the manufacture of paper. A gentleman who has been long engaged in the business, and who has many facilities for obtaining information on the subject assures us that, at

a moderate calculation, there are manufactured at these fifty mills, six of which are on the machine principle, not less than two hundred thousand reams of paper annually: they consume from fifteen to eighteen hundred tons of rags, junk, &c., and give employment to about thirteen or fourteen hundred men, boys and girls. The value of all the paper made in that state, in one year, is estimated at about seven hundred thousand dollars. In New York there are more mills than in Massachusetts, and it is thought to be a reasonable conclusion, that the amount of paper manufactured in Six of the United States, will exceed that of the whole of Great Britain.—*Quebec Gazette.*

LAWYER'S DECLARATION.

FEE simple and a simple fee,
And all the fees in tail,
Are nothing, when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—fe-male.

Mr. Hayter, the artist, whose works have been frequently under review in *The Literary Chronicle*, has lately been at Parma, where he has made a fine portrait of Maria Louisa, the imperial Archduchess of Parma, Bonaparte's widow, who presented him with a diamond-mounted snuff-box, in compliment to his talents. The painting was exhibited in the Academy of Parma, and the artist was elected a member and correspondent.

THE FLOWERS.

(From the French)

WITH each expanding flower we find
Some pleasing sentiment combined:
Love in the myrtle-bloom is seen,
Remembrance to the violet clings,
Peace brightens in the olive's green,
Hope from the half-closed *iris* springs;
And *victory* from the laurel grows,
And woman blushes in the rose!

Miss Elizabeth Benger, the author of several well-known biographical and historical works, died on the morning of the 9th inst. She possessed an amiable disposition, a strong mind, but a sickly frame; her infancy was distinguished by a persevering attachment to literary pursuits in the midst of difficulties, and she eventually obtained the friendship of many distinguished contemporaries.

Learning.—On this subject the admirable Selden observes: 'No man is the wiser for his learning; it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon, but wit as well as wisdom, (observe the difference, my literary friend, who once objected to the expression,) wit as well as wisdom is born with a man.'

During the time the late Mr. Gifford edited the Quarterly Review, he received from Mr. Murray £900 a-year, and he had also pensions and places under government, to the amount of £1500 annually.

The Southwark Mechanics' Institution is proceeding prosperously, though not rapidly. At a recent meeting, Mr. Simpson, the anatomical lecturer to the Artists' Anatomical Society, delivered a familiar lecture upon the construction of the human frame, which gave very general satisfaction, and was peculiarly fitted to instruct and strengthen the minds of those he addressed.

Kissing.—There is an ingenious writer, who 'has some stout notions on the kissing score;' I am not at all inclined to agree with him, being myself a downright monosculist. Let the lip and the heart go together, but—to one. I protest against kissing three hundred country cousins four times a year, twice at Christmas, and twice at Whitsuntide. It is by far too much of a good thing. D.

Plutarch and Pope.—'I had rather,' says the former, 'that there never had been such a man as Plutarch, than that he should be recorded in history, as capricious, unsteady, irritable, and malicious.'—'Grant me an honest fame, or grant me none!' exclaims Pope, who in this instance united the beauties of harmony and compression.

Mr. Allen's History of Lambeth, the major part of which is printed, will be finished the latter end of this month.

Bagster's Comprehensive Bible is said to be the only edition of the Holy Scriptures, which contains in one volume, the authorised version, with the essentials required for pulpit, or study, or family use.

Picturesque Beauty of the Scenery in the neighbourhood of Northampton.—'The country around Northampton is finely varied both in surface and clothing. Gently-swelling hills and open vales luxuriantly adorned with wood, and rich with intervening meadows, characterise the scenery of this beautiful portion of the kingdom. I once passed through this country at the earliest dawn of day, and watched the gradual approach of the light of morning, and the progressive unfolding of the landscape, with peculiar interest. At first, all the forms and objects were dubious and uncertain: the light slowly increased; the woods were seen in dark masses on the hills, and the valleys were filled with a clear white mist, that appeared as transparent as water. The boundary line of this bright vapour was distinctly defined, and the shores of this mimic lake, for such it appeared, were varied with little bays, and creeks, and promontories. Had a stranger to the country beheld the scene, he would have rested satisfied that he was travelling in the land of the lakes. Shortly, the sun arose brightly, for the higher grounds were not at all obscured by the dense vapour that floated about and filled the valleys. The mist was now in motion, and leaving the hollows where it had lingered, spread a thin veil of soft transparent haze over the landscape. The novel effect of this morning scene was highly interesting, and amply repaid the inconvenience of a midnight journey in a stage-coach.'—*Rhodes's Excursions.*

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.		State of the Weather.
	5 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.		
Jan. 12	35	37	31	29	44	Cloudy.
..... 13	32	38	48	..	80	Showers—high w.
..... 14	48	46	23	..	30	Showers—stormy
..... 15	32	35	35	30	20	Fair.
..... 16	40	46	45	30	00	Cloudy.
..... 17	35	40	35	..	24	Cloudy—snow.
..... 18	32	36	31	..	25	Fair.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

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We do not think J. R.'s Offering so happy as his former one.

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WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.—Armed Gyllenstierna, two vols. 16s.—German Romance, four vols. £1. 16s.—Childe Harold's Pilgrimage from Lamartine, 7s. 6d.—Matthews's Herodotus, two vols. 12s.—Herman's Sophocles, two vols. £1. 8s.—Present State of Colombia, by an Officer, 10s. 6d.—Jarrin's Italian Confectioner, 8vo. 15s.

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